

# Esquire



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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Lt. Calley on Mylai 4

Gay Talese on Joe Bonanno

Kenneth Tynan on Roman Polanski

Malcolm Muggeridge's autobiography

New Fiction by

William Styron

John Updike

Vladimir Nabokov

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Rex Reed on Tennessee Williams

William Burroughs Jr. on his father

Graham Greene on his childhood

College preview '71-'72

Robert Alan Aurthur on Harry S Truman

James Dickey on Vince Lombardi

Censored scenes from King Kong and . . .

Germaine Greer

on Norman Mailer!



# If you've got the time, we've got the beer.



One beer stands clear. Beer after beer. Miller.

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To a world filled with compromise, we make no contribution.

In building something of superlative value, there can be no compromise. No compromise, therefore, was allowed in the design of the Jaguar XJ6. Jaguar's objective: to create the world's finest high-performance sedan. And, in the opinion of many automotive experts, we've succeeded.

To start with, the XJ6 possesses an enviable performance profile. Its power source: an XK 4.2 liter two-overhead cam engine that is incredibly smooth and silent. And, with over 340,000 such engines produced, it has been described by one prominent automotive publication as "almost faultless."

In terms of road holding, handling, and general behavior, the Jaguar XJ6s near

perfection. It has a fully independent wheel suspension system with "anti-dive" geometry. Power-assisted rack-and-pinion steering with 3.5 turns lock-to-lock. Perfectly balanced caliper-type disc brakes front and rear (also power-assisted). And a low center of gravity with an unusually wide track.

Matching this uncompromising performance is the quality of its interior. Hand-cut leather upholstery sets the tone. And following through are such amenities as a hand-rubbed buccid walnut fascia, an impressively organized easy-to-access transmission system, luxuriously contoured reclining front seats, and the positive comfort of flow-through ventilation.

The performance, the refinement,

everything about the XJ6, definitely, uncompromisingly Jaguar. Not surprisingly, the XJ6 has been named by *News* magazine as "The 1971 Car of the Year." Surprisingly, it costs less than \$17,000\*.

For the name of your nearest Jaguar dealer and for information about overseas delivery, dial (800) 631-1971 except in New Jersey where the number is (800) 942-2803. Calls are toll-free.

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**Jaguar**



\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Transportation charges, dealer preparation, state and local taxes. If any, not included. With certain options.



**Come to where the flavor is.  
Come to Marlboro Country.**

Kings 20 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av.  
100's 22 mg "tar," 1.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Mar. '90



Marlboro Red  
or Longshots 100's  
you get a lot to like.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has  
Determined That Quitting Now Greatly  
Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.







# At Van Heusen, We make Body Shirts For Your Head.



Van Heusen '417' Ergonomic Body Shirts. They're the sleekest, most scientifically-fitted shirts we've ever made. Then, after we tailor them for your body, we go beyond fit and create them for the feelings in your head. '417' Body Shirts. For every mood, every occasion, for all the different men you are.

**VAN HEUSEN '417' with DACRON**

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## IF YOU DON'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A MOVIE, MAYBE REMINGTON WILL GIVE IT TO YOU.

You probably have the talent. And if you enter the Remington "Make a Movie Sweepstakes," you could have the equipment Remington<sup>®</sup> is giving away to 30 lucky guys, everything it takes to make a movie. And just because we're giving it away isn't the whole story. It's still a lot to win.

We're giving away a Super 8 Bell & Howell camera with a power zoom lens. Professional sun lights. An adjustable tripod and playback sound equipment. Nifty stuff on the equipment to show your talents, as well as Bell & Howell projector and screen.

And some other things that no movie maker should be without, such as a director's chair (with your name on it), a heater and a megaphone to yell "roll on."

In addition, one of the 30 grand prize winners will be flown to New York to watch

how a Remington camera was made. [So you can pick up some pointers from the professionals.] It's all in the camera. And all the camera to look into. If you're one of the fortunate winners of the movie equipment, you could be one of the lucky winners at 125 Bell & Howell. 35mm slide camera or the Remington is also giving away. [One way or another, you have a pretty good chance of getting into film.]

To enter this contest all you have to do is fill in the attached coupon and place it in your nearest participating Remington dealer. And while you're down there, think about buying a Remington camera. So you'll look good when you're starring in your own movie.

### REMINGTON MAKES SWEEPSTAKES

The Remington Sweepstakes. Make a movie. Complete the official entry form and deposit it in a postpaid envelope. Remington Sweepstakes. October 12, 1991.

Winners will be selected by a random drawing conducted by a company independent of Remington. Remington Sweepstakes. Remington Corporation is the official sponsor of the sweepstakes. Official rules and regulations will be available at the time of the drawing. Sweepstakes ends 12/31/91.

Offer open to residents of the United States except residents of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, American Samoa, Guam, Northern Mariana Islands, and the U.S. Virgin Islands. Sweepstakes ends 12/31/91. Sweepstakes is conducted by Remington Corporation. Sweepstakes is not a lottery.

Register my Bell & Howell equipment to:

(address)

**REMINGTON**

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The Parker 75.  
How a simple idea—a point that can be turned—  
makes it the most fitting gift you can give.



Ideally, a pen should adapt itself to an owner's writing style. Not the other way around.

Yet since the art of writing began, the hand has been forced to hold the pen in an arbitrary way—the way the pen happened to write best.

We've changed all that. Instead of a fixed point, we gave the Parker 75 a point that can be rotated 360°—and it contacts the paper precisely at whatever angle you most naturally hold the pen.

Since the point can be turned, the grip area can be shaped to fit the fingers. We've created the barrel in a modern shape, so your fingers will fit comfortably and easily around it. The pen automatically will lie in the ideal writing position every time you pick it up.

These improvements also indicated us to balance the 75 with great precision. The case is a solid sterling silver, designed to hold a hundredth of an ounce. The pen itself provides the ideal writing

position, and requires no conscious effort on your part whatever. Which is why the Parker 75 makes a truly fitting gift. It will fit perfectly the hand, fit wonderfully, the personality of the person who receives it. It's not the kind of a mere individual gift to give for just \$25.

**PARKER**  
Makers of the world's most wanted pens

you another case. Vida Blue of Oakland was hot and glowing against Shortt at Boston. Now if you turn to *Forrest* Jack, you know it's still for a left-handed, hot or not. In my own mind, it was an even game, but Blue, with that same old that Shortt lost, was getting all the props, so I anticipated the better's needs. To keep the bets contained made Blue a favorite, maybe \$15 to 5. My bets came up even. Blue got beat."

Three miles off, sitting in shade at podium, Frank Rosenbald, the professional, and he had on first for Blue on O'Brien or Seamen "Bashall," he said, "in a shock-a-lack game. Too many things can happen. I'd rather bet fast. Half of course a lot of gambling is knowing when not to bet."

In a minute moment of Frank Ryan, the tapeworm-quarterback discussing his doctored theme, Rosenbald said that it would take at least a month to explain how he worked. "Or maybe longer," he said. "If it was simple to make the rest of things I do better sports, more people would be able to do it."

Yes, as I gather it, is not, labor, coverage and endgame. "People look on a gambler as someone who's," Rosenbald said, "but I work constantly. My work is so my mind every minute. That's the nature of it. I report every event and interest Rosenbald adds one every year, which is natural, considering my length."

Rosenbald comes from Chicago, where his family owned ranches and he decided young that horse betting was a hot game. "You never know," he said, "which horse will win. I've seen many which are getting ready for a future race." Like most gamblers, he has moved about and away, when best put out of action in Miami. He lived the stock market.

"As a fast shaker, it doesn't rate with the sports bet, or even closer," he said.

"Too pay attention when you lay and you pay attention when you roll. Inside deals are made all the time and there's no way to inform yourself properly. Now consider sports. Everything, even the injuries, is available, if you know how to look. And both teams are trying. I haven't heard a high-grade reputation of any kind of fix in the last three years. I can make a living sports betting. I couldn't at the market."

Standards describe one famous quarterback and his club owner as being better. They bet on their own team, sometimes with horses results. When looking for two points with six seconds left and the ball on the forty-yard line, the percentage odds for an attempted field goal. That would probably walk and provide victory by a point. But if this club is favored by four and a quarterback and owner have been bet, a six-point victory means two look left. For the quarterback will get for a deep pass, a long shot but the only way in which he can win both the game and the bet.

"I know about that," Frank Rosenbald said. "I follow the game of sports. The Rosenbald papers are most infor-

mative on college football. I rate Bear Bryant of Alabama the best college coach. Particularly when you figure the future he develops. He's the one who he couldn't resist that running back Young Ponder of U.C.L.A., one of the best college players. He's the best at all. He's always saying that his team doesn't belong on the same field as the other one. You remember that and distant it just as you remember that certain sports injuries are more reliable than other ones. You keep a tremendous number of things in your head but think of this, covering college and pro, the books have to make points on a hundred fifty football games a week. I probe one or two situations closely. All sorts of things being reported, I should be satisfied to seventy percent of my bets, which is sufficient to maintain the family."

The 1979 Super Bowl brings a soft look to Frank Rosenbald's eyes. Publicly about Joe Kapp and Minnesota's defense, "The Purple People-Eaters," he mentioned the Vikings as favorites. Rosenbald's mother's analysis prepared the team as about even, with perhaps a shade more strength in Kansas City. When he found he could be Kansas City plus two touchdowns, he played heavily. The Chiefs won by two points, Rosenbald made a killing, and the Chiefs traded quarterback Joe Kapp.

"For tonight's Dodge game," I said, "O'Brien has to push low, but I don't think the Chiefs have many good linebackers."

"Or if O'Brien's been keeping the ball down lately, but I'm telling you, he's not. He's got a very strong back." O'Brien picked nearly that evening, but a young Dodge defender made four errors and the Jets won. The odds were a major upset making four errors in a single game are to bet as to look perfect meaning. Shock-a-lack.

Despite references, Bobby Kennedy, the U.S. and French Open, played sports betting through an 18½, a \$50,000,000. Now consider some money. Although it is not Alfred South's method, "backed at seven," it is an important indication of what we need to call the market. Many individual bookmakers are part of a syndicate which provides them with Blue Green (and) records, a better low and top of fortune. A syndicate leader who feels toward stock with his own action one way or another through the normal organization. Someone with sufficient information reports that the syndicate is covered by a company now listed as the New York Stock Exchange.

Typical arguments against legalized gambling involve the way money from dishonesty is applied to lawbreakers. Many police invest money to oppose legal gambling because money problems take for a deep purse, a long shot but the only way in which he can win both the game and the bet. D.A.'s oppose more D.A.'s laws as money loss is possible. This makes for a deep purse, a long shot and legal benefits for D.A.'s along with constant.



Gardener  
digs up proof  
of Parker  
reliability

Thomas A. Lee Jr. writes from San Francisco: "In digging up my garden this week-end, I uncovered a Parker 45 pen which I had lost some where in about three years ago after carrying the dot down the pipe and taking it over the job after being in line. I must immediately dig it up to write with it. The pen appears none the worse because of the long interval."

For just \$5, you can get a pen with Parker reliability. The Parker 45 Convertible Pen. Call it a back-to-school present from us to you. It not only writes smoothly, but the 45 is built for pen versatility. You can fill and refill it with one consistent ink cartridges or quickly convert it to ballpoint action. An ideal gift for the man whose monogram can be added in moments at no additional cost — for yourself or for your favorite readers.

For just \$5, you can get a pen with Parker reliability. Call it a back-to-school present from us to you.







## THE ART OF THE HOT COMB

A. Dressing case

It's a day like any other day. (You know that because at the very least you're bald.)

Only this morning is going to be different. This morning you have The Hot Comb, from Remington, a new hair dryer/straightener that works with a comb as a brush.

Please pause for a moment. Before you begin there are a few things you should know about The Hot Comb.

The first thing you have to do is realize a whole new combing principle. If you use the old plastered-down machine you used with a regular comb, you'll get nothing but a flat, lifeless version of the old plastered-down look. (Flies a few stray ends sticking out.)

2 The wrong way

3 The right way

all over your head.)

The right way to use The Hot Comb is just the opposite. You lift your hair up from the under side, and turn the comb around and down. (This not only gets rid of stick-out pieces, it also helps shape your hair.)

When you think you've got it (about five minutes later), you're ready to go out.

more sophisticated techniques.

Like reverse combing. Reverse combing is designed to give your hair more height. (Especially those days out of the barber shop.)



4 Now you can be taller than them.

when it's flat and limp and has lost the only style it ever had.)

To do it, simply comb your hair against the way it wants to go. Then comb it back. What you end up with is a full kind of hair.

The Hot Comb™ does even more. So much so that we've written a small book about it.

If you want Remington, Inc. 100, Redgreen, Can. section, we'll send you the book that tells how to deal with it.

We're not suggesting that The Hot Comb will change your whole life.

But it'll certainly change your morning.



5. The preference.

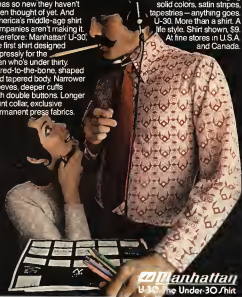


## When you're under 30, it's great to have a shirt company of your own

The Manhattan U-30<sup>®</sup>, 65% Dacron<sup>®</sup> polyester/35% cotton

You're looking for shirt ideas so new they haven't been thought of yet. And America's middle-age shirt companies aren't making it. Therefore: Manhattan U-30<sup>®</sup>, the first shirt designed expressly for the man who's under thirty. Pared-to-the-bone, shaped and tapered body. Narrower sleeves, deeper cuffs with double buttons. Longer point collar, exclusive permanent press fabrics.

Brash prints, swinging solid colors, satin stripes, tapestries — anything goes. U-30. More than a shirt. A life style. Shirt shown, \$9. At fine stores in U.S.A. and Canada.



THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON. 20% MORE HOT AIR FOR 1972.

**Manhattan**  
U-30<sup>®</sup> The Under-30<sup>®</sup> Shirt

## RECORDINGS MARTIN MAYER

The calculating works are clearly the most important. Isaac Newton said that if he had seen farther than others, it was because he stood on the shoulders of giants. Each of the sets knows a few pieces in which a master has summed up the time that was ending in himself, its world view, the most driving and driven of its beliefs, its technical resources. Each work survives in a different way, deserves "eloquence" until their true resources, when suddenly the sheer breadth and authority of their pronouncement makes them indispensable to a new generation struggling against its more recent traditions, acquiring the certainty that brought me, achieved by other means, and the protection of historical legitimacy.

Thus Louis Sullivan's *Aufbau* (from a recent generation of American architects, Varner's *Girl in the Red Net* for the late-nineteenth-century French painters, the architects of Diderot for the poets of the 1910s and 1920s). If one wanted to predict (algebraically, y'all), one might imagine a world in which the younger generation had adopted the principles of those and assembled and pushed up *Madame* (in music, to return to business, see example above all others: Johann Sebastian

Bach's 51 Matthew Passion, recorded to life by Felix Mendelssohn in Berlin on March 12, 1829, the one hundredth anniversary of its first performance. As the first edition of Groves put it sixty-four years ago, "A powerful excitement seized the musical world, people began to feel that an infinite depth and fulness of originally created with a magnificent power of formal construction was lying hidden in these neglected works."

Without Bach, the German Romantic movement would have been something very different from what it became. In 1840, Brahms wrote to a friend, "The poetry and beauty of modern music depends chiefly on Bach. . . . The whole Romantic Revival (of course I am speaking of Germany) is far more to Bach in its roots than I have ever said, indeed, it has a thorough knowledge of Bach. I myself make a deep confession of my own to that music one. . . ."

This Passion gave Bach a good deal of trouble. It was on the drawing boards for at least four years before its first performance, and the score we know (written out in Bach's own beautiful yet perfectly precise hand) almost certainly represents a paper recording of the earlier material. It is long (Brahms: who preferred the lighter 51

John Passion, thought it too long), and it is extremely difficult to perform, keeping its multifarious balances — the chorus as contemporary congregation against the chorus as historical spectators; the soloists as actors in the tragedy of the Crucifixion against the soloists as commentators on the meaning of each moment; the brightness of the orchestra against the dimming dark solemnity of the cantata. Much of it is extraordinarily complex just as sound — double oboes, double chorus, even two organs and two harpsichords, because the chorus of the opposite ends of the Thomaskirche would be too far apart to be accompanied by a single instrumentalist.

Great performances of the 51 Matthew Passion are very rare, and until now there has never been one in America. Now, thanks to Nikolaus Harnoncourt at the Concerto Museum of Vienna and David Willcocks of the Kings College Chorus of Cambridge University — and the King Choir of the Repertoire Cathedral and an extraordinary collection of soloists including a devastating Christ by Karl Böhm — and by the singing as I have never heard before by Paul Krenn — we have a superbly recorded, profoundly satisfying and to me extremely (Continued on page 147)



**Field & Stream takes you to A Man's Place**

A great day has this in A Man's Place is recalled to you by the easy taste and the great outdoor aroma of Field & Stream pipe tobacco.

A quality product of Philip Morris U.S.A.



## The old-fangled Gants: they go with new blue blazers.

Giant things about blazers, they're always being updated, never outdated.

To keep up the tradition, Giant brought out these old-fangled stripes, the complicated kind last seen when blazers

were worn with straw boaters.

We discovered the original boaters in an antique railway at Weymouth Mills when Giant bought the plant last year.

We're leading them down to you in

1971 fabrics of Celanese® Fortrel® polyester and cotton. To go with your new-fangled clothes.

Giant, The Shirtmaker.



# Introducing a company that's older than you expected.



1898.

The Renault that started it all.  
(Before the Model T  
was a gleam in Henry's eye.)



1909.

The Renault that won the New  
York 24-hour race. We  
got off to good start in America.



1916.

The Renault that worried the  
Red Baron (1936 we are world's  
largest maker of aircraft engines.)



1918.

The Renault that turned the  
tide in the trenches. Even  
Renault workers got citations.



1924.

The Renault that made the  
first motor  
crossing of the Sahara.



1926.

The Renault that set a world's  
speed record at  
famous Salt Lake City flats.



1966.

The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A.  
It gets up to 35 mpg  
and gains a very solid following.



1968.

The front-wheel drive Renault 16  
arrives. But not before winning  
"Car of the Year" in Europe.



1971.

Renault Alpine takes 1st, 2nd, 3rd  
in Monte Carlo against  
cars like Lancia and Porsche.

# Introducing a car that's much more than you expect.



## The front-wheel drive Renault 12.

1971-72. You can finally get  
a reliable piece of transportation  
that doesn't ask you to sacrifice:  
good road holding, or trunk space,  
or people space, or your bank  
account. It gets up to 30 mpg and  
goes for \$2,950\*.

We can promise you uncanny  
road holding and better handling  
because the drive wheels are in

front, and the engine is over them  
for better traction.

We produce more front-wheel  
drive cars than anybody in the  
world. Over a million a year. So it  
shouldn't be surprising that we  
know how to bring you the best  
that front-wheel drive has to offer.

It is 7" longer than the Pinto. So  
besides more leg room, it has

almost as much trunk as Pinto and  
Vega combined, 52.8 cubic feet.  
If you need even more trunk, the  
Renault 12 station wagon has up to  
58 cubic feet.

Its engine is essentially the same  
superb power plant that swept  
Monte Carlo. As is the ultra-precise  
racks and pinion steering.

With this one, we think we have  
a solid gold winner. And we know  
America likes a winner.

It is something we learned in 1909.



**RENAULT**  
world's largest producer  
of front-wheel drive cars.

\*Estimated retail price as of 10/1/72 for the Renault 12 sedan shown. Excludes destination charge, license, taxes, title, and dealer prep. For more information, call your local Renault dealer or write Renault, Inc., 1000 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10018.

## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### Man on the move

Far from being unopposed for any of the reasons, I'd do just the same. Dr. Fell... "I expect to hear further criticism on the Oxford University Press.

Among others, The Reader's Digest and Aubrey's *Drill* have attributed the name to Thomas Brown (1844-1904), who was associated with eugenics from the University for some time. Dr. Fell offered to quote the evidence if young Tom Brown (not David) would give him an authoritative translation of the 3rd edition of *Man: His Mind and Its Evolution*, one person's name is not enough to prove a name is, and I have no reason to doubt that it is.

HARRY A. STANTON

New York, N.Y.

### On black and white

In his July Sports column, Roger Kahn quotes Bob Gibson to the effect that *Sports Illustrated* cropped white players out of a picture we ran of Bob and George Coon. I have great respect for Gibson, but in this case he is simply wrong. I enclose an unretouched blowup



Bob Gibson and George Coon, *Sports Illustrated*, April 21, 1970

of the full version of the picture and shows you that any criticism as to the name sequence shown on other papers, white or black.

BENJAMIN CULAMER

Spencer Eldred  
Sports Illustrated  
New York, N.Y.

KAGAN'S NOTE: While Gibson's memory of the photograph put as it may be false, the reproduction of the article in *Illustrated* is not. The story, *The Private World of the Negro Baseball Player* by Robert Dye, emphasized the differences between black and white ballplayers. It is the equivalent of black as "one man" who prefer to keep away from white" that drew Gibson's primary objection.

### The Muggle Maggerville

Melville Maggerville's *Islands* may be Daniel Berenson's (London, July) is a little misnamed, but not completely inapplicable. Companion and contrast, after all, are not everybody's cup of tea, and as yet this, personal dislike and something else should have to account for the claim that Daniel Berenson is unrepresentative, however, is a serious charge, and would seem, in all

defence, to require more corroboration than that he wears horns, prefers Blot to Joyce, and is not completely up-to-date in his use of slang. Even his acquaintance with the *Magdalen*, however, dancing from Mr. Maggerville's point of view, would have to be considered as falling somewhat short of conclusive evidence.

CAROL FERG

Palo Alto, Calif.

For a magazine which purports to be representative, *Islands* proves itself to be just another American book when it can evaluate the credit English novel of Melville Maggerville. Like G. B. Shaw, Mr. Maggerville depicts the social scene with his own vocabulary and, in his column in your June issue, creditably showed hope.

As a Canadian observer of the up-to-date literature circulating the United States by Dr. L. I. was curious to see the public opinion surrounding the (Kent State) incident. Probably there was the local outcry which forced the students guilty of carrying and the National Guardian of administering a mild slap on the wrist with real justice. Now Mr. Maggerville's article is with the opinion that it was not the actual event which was important but the "mystery" surrounding it. He is shocked they "were girls" from one female

and to emerge *Quintessence* by performing strip-teases in their dormitory windows. He is appalled by "the thoughtless, the not smoking and when drug addiction, the prohibition heavy dress and the promiscuous vice." Like the usually hypocrite he casts his eyes upward at the Wood of four corpses peep out in the ground. The "mystery" of shooting four unarmed civilians from the distance of a football field while an old battle dress, the meaning of what is called a "war" to disguise the slaughter of Vietnamese civilians from even greater darkness and is even greater justice, excuse Mr. Maggerville. In other words, people in Mr. Maggerville's currently civilized world can and should be shot to death for wearing, smoking pot, and performing strip-teases.

I would submit that for a mind in the state of advanced age such as that of Mr. Maggerville there should be a special magazine where drivel well-expressed can be published. In it old men whose errors have been made regular obviously misperceptions, misadventures by discourse opinion can enlighten each other while the rest of us in the protestant try to figure out a way to wake up from the American nightmare.

PETER NEVILL

Toronto, Ontario, Can.

### Views on Muggles

The question that occurred to me upon after reading *All the Muggles That's Fit to Print* (July) is why should Howard Hughes give press interviews? And what could he say? Are the an-

swers to the obvious questions not equally obvious? His strength and energy appear to have faded, and he may simply entertain take of his gift, how can these enterprises be advanced by press interviews? Isn't it obvious that he wishes to avoid the embarrassment of appearing dumb in public. Does he not have a right to his privacy?

It is a pretty commentary upon the responsibility of the press, the movement on Via Veneto, that they should bicker this way.

ERIC VAN PETER

Merito, Calif.

### More mosh

I suppose I'm one of those over-dropping, "crazy" easily startled, clean-cut (?) products of Middle America. I enjoy taking baths, washing, getting inside from the latest love of my life, and (if that isn't a Middle American syndrome) I love the Beatles (past, present, and future). But, God forbid, I wear under-jeans, I have long hair, and I don't carry an Indianapolis.

Could News Release (March, June) have possibly misquoted as McKean and Bent? Is it surprising that some people like to hear a little ranting in the age of the paved backyard and instant pudding?

BARBARA TERNHOFF

Beanda, Calif.

I am upset about News Release's attack on *Quintessence* in *Islands* to reality. The two can coexist.

The *Islands* people and the Red Muggles of this world are a very important event, and their job, they labor in worthy of press, as matters if they have loyalty, love or otherwise. Do not degrade them as what they represent. Your article, News, only seemed to present me as a better, disillusioned old woman. Don't be so "smart"—give us a smile!

DOORNA CERNIKHEIM

Kansas City, Mo.



Editor, *Islands* and News Release

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.  
Mild, smooth taste—exclusive Micronite® filter.  
King size or Deluxe 100's.



# Coffee 'n Kent!



King 16 mg "tar",  
1.1 mg nicotine  
100's 15 mg "tar",  
1.2 mg nicotine  
per cigarette  
T.C. Report  
Nov '70



# Sears introduces Neets n Grubs.<sup>™</sup> New looking, old feeling, stretchable jeans.

The "neet" part is their new looking look. The "grub" thing is the way they feel old even when they're new. And the new part is the way they stretch.

New looking, old feeling, stretchable jeans. Perma-Prest<sup>®</sup> jeans in both Trim n' Tight and Trim Regular cuts. And durable jeans in a unique blend of Trevint<sup>®</sup> polyester, Arnel<sup>®</sup> rayon and Lycra<sup>®</sup> spandex.

That's Neets n Grubs. Know where you can get them? Sears Catalog is one place. Our new place, The Jeans Joint is the other.

We figure it's time you had a place of your own at Sears where you can be equal but separate. And since jeans is the best place to

start, we've started up our own place The Jeans Joint.

Just one more thing about The Jeans Joint at Sears, Roebuck and Co. We've fixed it so you can walk straight in and be yourself. And while you're doing your thing (or whatever it's called nowadays), we'll be doing ours. It's called "making sure you get the most for your money."

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. GOVERNMENT



THE NEW JEANS JOINT IN



# It's an Old Forester kind of day

At the end of a great day, the taste of a great Kentucky Bourbon.



At 86 or 100 proof. There is nothing better in the market.

OLD FORESTER BOURBON WHISKY BROWN FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP. JAT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY © 1993



## Good old Rolls.

The 1930 Rolls-Royce Phantom II Doctor's Coupe, as owned and operated by the brothers Roostenberg of Mineola, New York. Frank: "It's a good car to drive."

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"This one day slenderizer really works! I went through one season with the Sauna Belt Hot Pants and with just this one use my waist came down from 36 to 32½ for a loss of 3½"—my hips came down from 42 to 38—for a loss of 4"—I also lost 2½" from my abdomen and 1½" from each thigh for a total reduction of 12". Very convenient—terrifically fast—and no diets to follow." PETER RICHTER

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**TED HANFILL** I actually lost 6 from my waist within just one session of using the Sauna Belt hot pants. At the same time I lost 2 from my abdomen—2 from my hips—and 2 from each thigh for an overall loss of 12. And I lost this one day. Hot Pants program! I wish someone I trusted to reduce my weight in just one day could deliver!

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Johnny Carson "Prado" Suit (lower right): Pure Wool Saxony with a red and gold over-plaid on gray. Two buttons, fashion accent shoulders, wide peak lapels and a deep center vent.

Johnny Carson "Olebo" Sport Coat (upper right): Black and white chevron weave of Pure Wool flecked with red and blue. Two buttons, deep-match lapels, button-on scalloped flap pockets, high center vent.

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## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

**T**he pictures on this page of a number of the contributors to this issue and one of the subjects (William S. Burroughs), were taken by Jason Wu of San Francisco, who helped to fund those what some call, and some don't, a Truman manuscript, of which the title is *Days*. Mr. Wu, however, received several copies, one of the most sensitive photographs comprising *Days* by going to photograph all these people laughing, or at least smiling broadly. After the successful completion of this project, Mr. Wu was reported to us as follows:

"First I shot Gertrude Greer. I was supposed to see her at once in the Chelsea Hotel and catch a plane for Europe that evening. She was delayed until 3 p.m., and to get to her room I had to get past the incredible transients who were often her entourage on a night at the French Embassy. Then I flew to London and found Burroughs in a very strange apartment in St. James's-square, the quietest address I've ever found a famous person. He gave a lot of trouble finding his way with a Hamlet in the stage hands out at the moment of shooting and you have to look up at the subject to see what you're getting. So shoot, look up, and find him and smile."

"William S. Burroughs lives in the country in Sussex. I was the only person to get off the tape at that stage. It's like a Russian *daguer*, and the Burroughs gave me hands with Mrs. Burroughs's handsome head. Then I took a taxi back to London to shoot Truman at his flat, Avenue Palatin, who was there, tried to help me with the photography, and by the time I was through it was 11 p.m. and I hadn't had dinner."

"I flew to Zurich and took a train to Montreux to do Webster at the Palais National. Mahogany loved the idea of being photographed laughing. Tracy came to his eyes. Next to Amherst for Graham Greene. I had been warned Greene would not laugh, but he gave me the biggest smile I've ever been known to give. Then I went to Rome for Tennessee Williams, who never showed up."

"I returned to the U.S. and did Guy Talbot in his apartment, John Roth in his, William S. Burroughs in his roomer home in Connecticut, and John Updike in Springfield. A friend of Updike's told me 74 never got Updike to laugh either. I found him in bed with a box of 100 degrees, he got up, dressed, and smiled as easily as anybody possibly could under the circumstances, and then went back to bed."

**O**ne of our favorite editors used to sit three or four rows ahead of John Updike, from where (fascinating note) Robert Rafter, to be published in November by Knopf, *Bob's* *Days* (page 160) is an account of the Boston Symphony, and possessed



upon that wonderful superiority to sit like Updike to tell me something about his life and work. "My life hardly bears thinking about!" Mr. Updike replied. "I was born in 1922 in a small town in Pennsylvania, and began to write shortly after getting out of Harvard in 1944. Mostly I wrote about Pennsylvania, and the present novel is a return to a Pennsylvania town by now has become a mixture of memory and history and present of what I've observed generally of America. After Harvard I worked for *The New Yorker* for a while and then moved to Ipswich, about thirty miles north of Boston, and then, somewhat surprisingly, we've stayed—four children, one wife and myself."

"My first novel about Rabbit was

*Rabbit, Run*, published in 1950. The events in it are firmly rooted in the year 1950. The book ends on an ambiguous note—it's not clear whether Rabbit would return to his wife or not. The time came that I was due for a novel, and I had better succeed in so far as to return to my by-now-thirty-something kid, who has become quite conversant, a novel, inspired with the kinds and the years. I mean it's a way he's still wrestling with unresolved emotional problems of being."

His last observation led me to require into the technical problem of describing emotional situations of a character who, like Rabbit, is not very verbal, not very educated and not very bright. Mr. Updike replied, "I mean it's true that Rabbit is not particularly smart. I don't mean to try to write down to him. We share being white males at a certain historical moment, and he's a media-attuned man, it's not so tough I was writing about a kind of Puritanism, though there is a problem you have to solve sentence by sentence. I try to give him the kind of thinking that I'd like myself to have the Harvard student."

"There's a kind of economy in a writer's life. You only have a finite number of characters in your mind, and my nature is Rabbit gave me a kind of spacious feeling about the first Rabbit novel. Maybe in ten years, if we are all alive, I can think about this."

"I should mention that this fictional return to Pennsylvania was nourished by sentimental return to the country where my parents live. By coming back at intervals you see changes more clearly than a resident would. It's becoming a suburban daughter with a hole in it felt of surface and every day. Maybe the residents, when you talk to them, offer you more of a handle than New Englanders do: they are more there in their elaborate fashions."

**W**illiam S. Burroughs (Marriott, the *Days*, page 160) first appeared in *Esquire* in the October, 1964, issue as a commentator on the mood of his generation. Of Marriott, and of the forthcoming novel from which it is excerpted (tentatively titled *The Way of the Future*), Mr. Stryker says, "I hope it will turn out to be an evolution of a kind of military and in a sense it's a tragic story in that it tries to show how we have created, not a military society, but a society that through retaining the idea of power, is committed to warfare war, and how a military system often traps in it even who, like Marriott, are superior to the system, who should be doing something else."

"The subject of what makes a career officer what he is has really not been written about too much in America."



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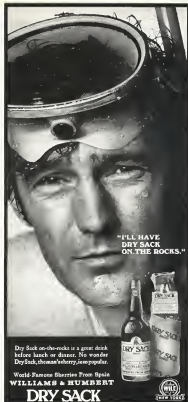
Not only can Mrs. Steele talk to the children, but they can talk among themselves. So they get a classroom atmosphere complete with discussions and question-and-answer sessions.

They also get 20 hours a week of education they probably would have missed before.

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forces, and my own curiosity was piqued, in a sense, to fill that vacuum. I wanted to make a novel that reads like autobiography, which I think it does, yet reads like fiction as well, which it is—sort of straddling two modes. Everything about getting pulled down during the Korean War, however vivid a first novel, being in despair about going back to war, is autobiographical—all the rest is made up."

We asked Mr. Shores, sheepishly and gratefully as it turned out, whether it was really possible for a man with such accomplishments as Marrett's to exist in a military environment.

"The Marine Corps has been unlike the other services in its ability to accept civilians," he replied. "It's always been one of their proud boasts that its uniformed are valued in the Marines as long as they are good men. I wouldn't categorically state that a man like Marrett couldn't exist in the Army, but the Marines' respect of developed individuals is a different kind of fish from the other services. The confidence of the organization has been one reason the tradition was allowed to grow. Before World War II the entire Marine Corps was smaller than the New York police department."

Those who missed the August issue should be advised that *The Father of Two Daughters* by Gay Talese is the second of three novels to be published in Essence from Mr. Talese's House Thy Father, which will appear as a book from World in October. *The Graces of Providence* (June 1965) is a portion of Graham Greene's autobiography *A Sort of Life*, to be published September 16 by House & Scribner.

Patricia Glenko, whose photograph is the guest of Norman Mailer may be seen on page 86, graduated last year from the University of Michigan College of Architecture and Design and came to New York to seek a market for her art form, which remains mostly of cartoons of her own creation.

"I can't sell the pieces because they are my children," Miss Glenko says, "so I come and offered myself to illustrate the cover of *Esquire*. I use my body as a place to do art, and I select from my life events that I decide costumes for. Naturally, I'm wearing the number of my head on the outside of my body."

Miss Glenko, who has been using herself as a medium in this way for about four years, recently had a show at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York, in which she portrayed six types of New York female characters—a Lower East Side fish woman, an Upper East Side manager, a little old lady, a woman's libber, a Playboy bunny and a secretary. "I'd come to the museum and get into my costumes and do whatever each a person would do," The Mailer costume is her first venture of a particular individual, and resembles ability of steel wool and weaving pads, plus polo-athletic tux and hands.

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DISPLAYS FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM



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# TRAVEL NOTES RICHARD JOSEPH

Since this is the month when Europe goes to a smaller page size, it might be an appropriate time to celebrate the pleasures of large-scale travel—which is a truism of travel that the slower you go the more you see, that your best and clearest memories are likely to be of those places you had time to savour—most probably while walking.

Paris holds more joy for the foot tourist than any other city on earth, because Darce Georges Massmann planned it that way. When he redesigned the city under Napoleon III more than a century ago, he included open spaces and places with broad avenues radiating out from them, and he placed museums and public buildings in the squares, so that walkers along the avenues would always have something to look at, at the ends of the street. The *Book*, a twelve-part set, with each part formed by an elegant binding into it, is an outstanding example. Others are the *Place de l'Opéra* and the *Place de la Nation*.

Walking is joyful in Paris also because of the vibrant French practice of *flâneur*—to discover—take it easy—there at least one odd to witness in it, every important street intersection. Every visitor to Paris develops his own favorite walks—the *flâneur* usually develops as the location of his hotel. My own candidate for the Greatest Walk in the World is a sunny-day stroll down the Champs-Élysées. It may be Standard A-1 Paris in the guidebook, but it's completely Parisian, and it always has its attractions.

Paris is at the Arc de Triomphe at the *Book*—so you'll be able to make a good part of a long morning's walk downhill. Your starting place is Napoleon's great-grand monument to himself—the great arch commemorating the victories of his Grande Armée. At its base is the back of the Unknown Soldier with the "eternal" flame, the final point of every parade and patriotic demonstration. Hitler's Wehrmacht marched down the Champs Élysées from the Étoile in June, 1940. France's tragic fate, and then a fire and triumphful Charles de Gaulle headed the liberation parade of Americans and French troops in August, 1944. And the names of the battles and generals recorded on the arch vividly remind us of the years.

You join the crowd walking past the magnificent thoroughfare displaying some of the world's most beautiful cars, and you sense the feeling of elegance that makes Paris the great style and shopping capital of the continent. You walk past the sidewalk terraces of the top clubs—Fouquet's restaurant and Le Cigaloise—past the airline offices, the bistros and the shops, but you don't

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feel like a foreigner, somehow, because everything is doing the same thing. All Parisians are tourists in Paris—in their leisure time they do most of the things that visitors do.

About a half mile down the Champs-Élysées, at the end of the downtown grid, you come to squares of Baron Haussmann's open spaces, the Jardin Ponce, where his were beautiful fountains and flower beds and which marks the end of the commercial part of the avenue. The rest of it is a park-like boulevard running for another half mile or so, flanked by some fine houses and public buildings, including the museum of the Élysée Palace, official residence of the President of the Republic. Here you'll see some of the world's best-dressed and best-behaved children riding ponies and gravely reprieving savanettes shows. As an American parent, you'll wonder how the French manage it without feeding their kids superlatives.

Finally you pass the American Embassy on the left and come into the most impressive square on earth, the Place de la Concorde. Few places have changed less in appearance in the past century. Here you'll see the two built-upon of the Hôtel d'Orléans and the Marquis Mairie, splendidly housing the rooms of the fight for freedom that took place in August, 1844.

If you're getting tired by now, you can take a small detour to the left and into the Rue Royale, past Mazarine and into one of the cafés along the way to the Madeleine for coffee or an aperitif. Walked and eaten again, you double back to the Place de la Concorde and head for the Louvre, either along the crowded Rue de Rivoli or through the Tuilleries gardens, your route depending on whether you want to window-shop or spend your time gazing at museum and world-class art and architecture.

Visit the Louvre for another day, or days. Its galleries have been extended to total something like sixteen miles in length, so it's best visited in short bursts or no more than an hour at a time. Or you could handle it like the visitor who is supposed to have desired to, yelling "Quand-est-ce que le Musée Luvé? Tu double-pointé!"

After you pass the Louvre, you walk along the quay of the Seine and browse among the bookstalls—set up outdoors in thousands of gazettes—and watch the patient fishermen who wait fish for fish-tail's sake, because they never seem to catch anything, and probably wouldn't know what to do with it if they did. Cross over the Pont Neuf, or New Bridge, so named because it was completed so recently as the first part of the nineteenth century, you're on the Ile de la Cité, site of the oldest city of Paris of the thirteenth century.

To your left are the two towers of Notre Dame, around which the houses of the medieval city clustered for protection. You'll come upon it from the Place de Pierre de Meaux where Haussmann was the center of antiquarians by demolishing the thousand-year-old Hôtel Dieu and a lot of medieval

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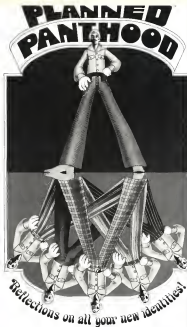
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to provide the cathedral with a proper setting.

To your left as you enter the square, facing Notre Dame, is police headquarters where you'll see the dead bodies made on the thick stone walls when the Germans tried to batter their way in with tanks during the liberation street fighting of '44. You'll understand, too, why Parisians have a sort of proudest affection for their *flâneur*—a term approximating "flak" in its denotation—who threw at them fat with the people and fought the German troops in the streets. You'll see many plaques set up on the walls of buildings and dedicated to a "guardian of the genre" who fell at their side.

You'll probably be starved by now, so I suggest you leave Notre Dame for the afternoon—you'll be ready to eat at a day of sight-seeing when you've gone through the cathedral after lunch—and cross another bridge to the Left Bank. You could have a sumptuous and expensive lunch at the Tour d'Argent or Lippincourt, in which case you'll probably have drunk and would too well for further sight-seeing, or you could dine at a less festive spot. You might want to try *Le Dauphin d'Or*, at 5 Quai de Montebello. I guess it's no great shakes as a restaurant anymore—it can't even hold its shakiness—but it used to be quite good, and what can't change in the great war of Notre Dame far down its six sidewalk tables. Lots of antique tapestries, too—it's been here since the thirteenth century, when it was an inn on the highway to Paris.

**M**y favorite walk in Rome is, I'm afraid, no more modern. It generally begins with porcine coffee and the Roman daily American spread in the touristbookish at Disney's, in front of the Esquilin, while watching the Via Veneto cruise scene. Once at a while I vary the routine very slightly by wandering to the Café de Paris or Bocca's, across the way. When another flakky comes to me, I detach myself from the infernal café table and cheer and walk up the Via Veneto a few hundred yards to the Spanish Gardens and steep myself in ancient Rome by looking over parts of the ancient wall that once surrounded the city.

If the morning is sunny, as most are, you'll probably want to take a stroll in the Gardens and watch the bareheaded riders at the *Galerie des Epees*. From there you can walk down the Via di Porta Pinciana, Via Pinciana Cispina, and Via Salaria, steep for most of the way, to the lovely old church of the Trinità dei Monti and descend the white stone Spanish Steps. They have been called the most beautiful flight of steps in the world, certainly they're the most photographed. You walk into the Piazza di Spagna and across the street to the Via Condotta, see at the city's finest shopping streets.

Were the famous old Café Grèce a good place to stop for another cup of coffee. From the Via Condotta you head straight for the Trinità, along the Via Tomacelli and cross the river on the Ponte Cavour. A short walk along the

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riverbank, part the Palace of Justice, and you're at the Imperial Castel Sant'Angelo, over the lands of the Papal States, a private fortress of the Pope during the Middle Ages, and one of Rome's many magnificent "castles." It was here that pilgrims saw a vision of St. Michael the Archangel standing on a sign of the end of a great plague in the year 888. Since then the building has been known as the "Angel's Castle," and a statue of St. Michael commemorates the event. Inside the building is a display of the arsenal of medieval warfare, including stone cannons, catapults, crossbows, primitive artillery, and devices for poisoning all down an extremely vicious, and dangerous for cooking of those who survived.

Coming out of the Castel Sant'Angelo, you'll see on your right one of the great sights of Christendom—St. Peter's and Vatican City—demonstrating the miracle at the end of the road. Via delle Condottizie. Once you enter the great Piazza of St. Peter's, where three hundred thousand pilgrims have stood at one time to witness the Pope's benediction, you are within the embrace of Vatican City, one of the most sacred sites in the world's most important city.

In the center of the square is a huge obelisk brought from Egypt on an enormous raft and encased in its present position in 1586 to honor St. Peter. The bronze cross at the top contains a piece of the Cross of Christ.

The balcony from which the Pope speaks on great occasions is at the center of the front of the church, overlooking the piazza. Inside St. Peter's itself, you'll stand immediately by its entrance. It's the world's largest church, designed by an architect who wanted to convey some idea of the immensity of God by the vastness of the building.

Another favorite Roman walk takes you down to the end of the Via Veneto, into the Piazza Barberina, along the Via delle Quattro Fontane, into the Via del Quirinale. You enter the Quirinal Palace, which was the official residence of the Italian Royal Family before the abdication of Umberto in 1946. A few blocks away is the Via del Corso, one of Rome's most beautiful streets. Nearby is the ancient white and gold monument to Victor Emmanuel II.

Walk around to the back of the monument and you're in the heart of ancient Rome. In this neighborhood you'll find the Roman Forum, overlooking plain at the people of the Roman Empire. Here were temples, law courts, shops, palaces, and triumphal columns and equestrian statues, too, was the House of the Vestal Virgins, the Palatine Hill, where Romulus and his followers created the first permanent houses in Rome, the Arch of Constantine, the Circus Maximus, where a quarter of a million spectators watched chariot races, the Roman capitol where Julius Caesar stood, triumphal arches of triumphal arches, the Colosseum, where fifty thousand people watched gladiators fight to the death or saw Christus martyr thrown to the lions.

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tefing masses, and the same team yearns to tell us just again that a new society with new men and women has been brought to pass. My favorite section is *Believe in Cuba*. Today is the one giving extracts from Castro's speeches, which, the editors tell us, display the Government's "openness to many elements in Christian ideology." The speeches—well I say "speeches" for the most part of furious abuse of the Catholic Church interspersed with extracts from the scriptures.

In a rather similar vein is *When Menus, When Eats* by Thomas and Margarete Melville (Athens A. Knopf, \$6.95), a priest and a nun who saw the light while working in Guatemala, got married, and were imprisoned in their native America for their part in a death-and-burial operation. There are before and after pictures showing their transition from a celibate state to married bliss. I do not doubt that their motives throughout have been of the best, the missionaries in Guatemala are admirable, and the Church's inquisitors in those deplored that they dare to register disagreement of the Vatican was in error, and their last that the and the Vatican offer better prospects for Christian evangelism is heartily held. Yet suppose it all happens as they hope, the Vatican, the priest, the nun, and the American, and American cross discredited alike in Southeast Asia and Latin America will that bring in the millennium, any more than when the Engage Confession, the emperor the Christian faith? I doubt it.

Such content began to look more to myself much to the young, whose education is usually more ruthlessly brain-washed and amenable than that of the late removed Father and Sister. Wilson, Richard Norton's *Play Power* (Random House, \$5.95). Mervin is an amiable American who adds a quasi-underground publication called *Or*, the small companions of most telephone modernist and dramatic writing and delicious age. He seems to have no particular point of view about anything, but just to expose living girls, modernist and modernist the respectable bourgeoisie—if there are any left, which I doubt.

In this to be preferred to priests and some who go to the trouble to believe to expose revolutionary causes?

Recently someone has to admit that I'd rather be wrecked on a coast island with Richard than with Tom and Margarete, but both prospects would be pretty scintillating. ☺

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## FILMS JACOB BRACKMAN

**P**rior to *Strada Park* is one of  
three stories which, after a  
brief ray of sunshine, plunge  
into darkness. *Strada Park* had  
to write in death, so the more  
possibilities of death. Any good-time flashes  
on rocks get clouded over by the larger  
patterns of deterioration. Every little ray  
is lost with gloom. All times, the over-  
cast before things will turn out okay,  
but we always know better, so our sense  
of human life going to hell in a hand-  
basket, of helpless despair, is unrelieved  
compared to those. Like all people,  
however miserable or doomed, the film-  
able pictures of *Strada Park* (1987)  
smile, mental territory on Manhattan's  
Upper West Side) have moments of  
peace, of black eyes, they would mean,  
but we can't reach them in their self-  
deception. They can periodically forget  
they're hurting toward a bad end, so  
can't be so to in a way, their glad  
times are sadder even than their desola-  
tion.

For instance, there's a hapless, hope-  
ful sequence in the distant future, re-  
trograde, where Bobby and Helen, the  
adult lovers, spend a day. They have  
Bobby a puppy and talk of getting drunk,  
of cutting the gritty ray for good. But  
in the return ferry to Manhattan, the  
mother's life begins to fade. The con-  
science suddenly shifts, Bobby turns  
jealous, unstable. Actions to preserve  
the good parts of the day, to stretch  
them further in time, he makes Helen  
into the man's room for a booster. They  
emerge, water from shaking up, just  
in time to see her puppy scurrier be-  
neath the guardrail and disappear into  
the draining bag. For them, of course,  
this brings on a terrible defeat. It  
willows their happiness. For us, it  
marks only a shift from one sort of  
gloom to another. We never believed  
the pure dream of their country living  
in vain. And how could a puppy and  
their self-sustaining course?

We can't perceive of their jealousy  
or relief because we can't feel the drug  
course through our nose. Intoxica-  
tion may keep them high, but we  
always experience their status the  
way they do when they're coming down.  
From the outside looking in, we can't  
sense any great dissimilarity between  
high and straight, between flying and  
crashing. Naturally, we understand  
that between these visions there's all the  
subjective difference to the world. But  
outside of euphoria and depression  
pass before our eyes in such rapid suc-  
cession, it's as if all we can see is the  
flashes themselves. We begin to perceive  
up and down as opposite ends in the  
same sense: motion in constant, moving  
vision.

People's emotional curves are closed,  
to be more precise—perhaps the expe-  
rience of being hooked on heroin in  
other America today, with our victims.

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interlocking systems of Mach-market distribution and police harassment. Certainly the movie has nothing good to say about socialism—indeed the ideal while providing, everywhere, a classroom throughout, often taken on the axis of some ideological water-skiing, creating evil—but still its surface seems to understand what its classroom may grasp with any clarity that comes in only when the audience begins. Ronson simply creates the need for itself. That bond with its audience, a vast, destructive industry—and a doubly destructive counter-industry, harvesting low advancement. The movie seems to appreciate that what wrecks people's lives, kills them off before their time, is not the drug itself, but rather getting trapped between them against willfulness. They crowd memorably together, crushing anyone whose mind crosses him into their magnetic field.

During a scene, when the normal flow of drugs into an area is stopped, all the codes by which millions trade—secretly protect one another break down. When there's not enough supply around to satisfy the addict population, they find new ways nearly catastrophic in its repercussions. Honor and loyalty are forgotten. With every man for himself, every man is ripe for betrayal. The reaction among its vast population of immensity and devastation the movie "Two, normally" does happen are reproduced, drug traffic flows more heavily than before, the spike starts anew.

Spending a season with addicts, even if that season's compressed into an hour or two of screen time, may be like living in a household of neo-nazis—because that there's a constant to the most desperate needs. At first, you find "Two, normally" at some reduction of group. Then, after you've watched good feelings disintegrate into their opposite through them, you have to disregard fairness. Finally, you see larger even prefer station to despise. Most seems to make its difference, as if the drugs started all mentioned times into a single burned note.

Ronson has an accessory gift (ambiguity demonstrated in his recent *Use of Force*) for maintaining our taste, one atmosphere, throughout the course of a film. Everything technical conspires to reinforce the integrity of the atmosphere he's chosen, the darkness of sequences, the lighting, the silence, the sound levels. Every shot of *Use of Force* seems to be photographed from within a radius of control. Yet, we find ourselves anchored within the darkness by an over-looked narrative. We return at regular intervals to a single number scene "in the present." Desires and films in themselves are constant as breathing. Remarkably, *Two, normally* arrives at something like this fantasy of pitch without any such "technical" involvement. Its intention, surely, the director's rhythmic modulations of light and darkness, depth of vision, volume, tempo, all get contained somehow—kindred, tent-like waves appearing and disappearing on the surface of a shimmering sea. Even the "big" scenes—messing, messy confrontations, physical assault—seem

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to melt into the ground prep. All the characters—buddy and biker in the foreground, and their friends in the time of Needle Park, the white-shoed on a summer far away through we might understand them all by understanding any one of them. As though none so know about their common race and the things it says, there's nothing further we need to understand.

John Deane and John Gregory Dunning, the authors of *Drive*, Jerry Schwartz, the director, the entire cast—especially Al Pacino and Kevin Spacey in the leads—embody intensely real people. Their level of realism feels close to documentary. The characters in *Drive*, *He Said* Jack Nicholson's first film as a director, who seem intensely real, although in an entirely non-documentary way. Another dimension of realism exists at the outer limits of recognizable personification: a nucleus of difficult events. Occasionally, you sense the pure "types" in real life, people who seem to embody a core definition sleekly, in every extraordinary detail. Each people is what they are in an unapologetic way that if an actor were assigned to portray, say, a ruthless, two-to-the-dunk, or a sensitive, post-bellied (and his shirt, or whatever, you could say to the surface, "Go hang around a school for a few days, study his moves, get him down to his last measure, his last behavior, and that's all you'll need. You'll be perfect."

It's no secret that the run of movies, nowadays which trade in these "essential types" has had movies *Drive* in which is a variation for a bad movie by those who mistake its archetype for "stock" types, or "stereotypes," like the people in *Just a Type*—ones who play ones, often because he's as close as the film makes can come to creating a believable person. Many film makers just aren't clever enough to distinguish a character, to particularize him, not even so, plausibly—by writing an odd note, appears into his personality, as by writing an actor with a speech impediment or a Mother purple bitches over him but face. Particularization may be intended to emphasize a character's typehood, to set him off by ever complexities, to warn an, disapprovingly, against pursuing too quickly to understand him. Conversely, as in *Drive*, they may be intended to underlines a character's typehood, not to detract from an essence but to make it in perfect isolation.

Any one character *Drive* could appear unchanged in a narrative film—he would be the most extreme personality there represented, doubtless, but we would be sufficiently detailed and true to himself—to his own extremity, if you will—to fit in somehow. Just as an archetype or two may fit in as an actual party. What gives *Drive* its distinctive quality is that all its characters are "real" in this archetypal sense. It seems that Nicholson chose the *Quigley* Trenchard genre—a genre which proved itself bankrupt before producing a trade-marking film—concretely in order. (Continued on page 144)

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### THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

## The Concluding Confessions of Lieutenant Calley

by First Lieutenant William L. Calley Jr., interviewed by John Sack

*The lieutenant's account of the day at My Lai Four, the aftermath, the trial*

**T**he day we got ordered to My Lai, we had services for Sergeant Cox. A well-liked soldier in Charlie company—well, we never had a soldier who wasn't liked. I haven't the vaguest idea why he had picked up a 165 artillery shell with a bamboo handle on it. A lieutenant said, "Not the problems thing down," but it wasn't off. It blew him to hell. It had been lucky-trapped.

We had services at our task-force headquarters camp, a camp known as Dotti. We met ourselves halfway—cattle sheds on and tractors bloused, to sit around an old artillery emplacement on fifty-five-gallon gasolene drums full of dirt, sand, or cement, or on some mud-brick bunkers. A black-on, sort of. Our captain, Captain Medina, kept yelling at us, "Calley! Where are your people?"

"Sir, they're all here."

"Broken! Where are your people?"

"Sir—"

We soon learned on Captain Medina. The company's here. We had been out in Vietnamese villages from December, 1965, to March, 1968. We hadn't been in any real fire fight, but we had been killed-and-died away by the women, the children, the men. We were together now and god. We were fifty or sixty soldiers short.

A chaplain began the usual memorial service. "Sergeant Cox. A really great guy! He'd died and—" I wasn't listening. The service had become stereotypes for me. A pector and the Twenty-third Psalm and a prayer and a Bible verse and a prayer and a final prayer and a prayer and the chaplain would say, "He died in defense of America."

And after the service, the Captain stood up to say some words and say, "We still have a war to fight. We haven't time to cry about this. It's over with. It's done with. Forget it:

especially since we are going to Pinkville tomorrow." Pinkville, that was our company's name for My Lai One. On maps it was colored pink, and as soon as Medina mentioned it the troops set up. Or woke up. Medina went on, "We've spent after the 48th battalion. And they outnumber us two to one. At least, and there will be heavy casualties tomorrow."

I thought, Well, it didn't have to say it. Ever since then, Alpha and Bravo companies had been there before. And men had their hands blown off or their balls blown off. I mean literally, or were vegetables now at Walter Reed, in Washington. As soon as you're close to Pinkville you're in a wall-to-wall minefield. And you're being fired on from front and behind from the "civilians" in My Lai One. The old men, women, and children there are in that battalion, really: the irregular corps. And they're firing, and they're aiming rifles, and they're throwing them. And if they're with you as POW's they're pulling pins out of your damn grenades. And you're saying, "God! They're everywhere," and you're running in every who-knows. And you're dying like flies. It happened to Alpha. It happened to Bravo. It would happen to Charlie tomorrow.

To me. I knew now, it's a letter here. It's a man taking notes from a soldier here. It was staged, it was idiotic to use a company against a battalion tomorrow. It was against the Manual. Of course, if I'm an American officer and if I'm told, "Go to China tomorrow alone. And annihilate it." I have to go. With proof. Or go to Pinkville without asking, "Why?" A second lieutenant—he just isn't someone to ask it. Go let the General ask it! As for me, I could just go to Pinkville and die. And pray. I know it's a big deal dying. It happens once in a lifetime, but I

really wanted to get it off.

And perhaps would. We had a Plan. Medina was taking the G.I.s men. And taking a shovel out, he drove in the sand beneath him a map of our operation area. From left to right, this was My Lai Four, My Lai Five, My Lai Six, and My Lai One—or Pinkville, as the Chao Six. Pinkville now was the V.C. base camp. Medina said, but we didn't want to get fired on from behind and we would start at My Lai Four. And continue to My Lai Five, My Lai Six, and My Lai One. "We mustn't let anyone get behind us," Medina said, as I remember it. "Alpha and Bravo got missed up because they let the V.C. get behind them. And took heavy casualties and lost their communication, and it was their downfall. Our job," Medina said, "is to go in quickly and to annihilate everything. To kill everything!"

"Captain Medina." Do you mean women and children, too?"

"I mean everything!"

Now, I know Medina didn't mean this. Medina came to my trial at Fort Benning, Georgia, in March. And testified that it had happened this way: "Captain Medina? Do you mean women and children?" "No. You have to use common sense." But there were a hundred witnesses in Georgia, and no other witness heard him say, "You have to use common sense." One witness was Sergeant Stryker. "A person, I don't know who, a person sitting below me brought forth the question, 'Do you mean everything?' Medina said, 'Everything! Men, women, children, cats, dogs, everything!'" A soldier whose name was Moss said, "He said, 'There was all V.C. and V.C. sympathizers,'" and Flynn said, "He ordered, 'Kill everything that moves.'" A total of twenty-one soldiers testified for me. "He told us that everything was wrong. He kill it," Sergeant Cowen. "He didn't want to

A first-degree bullet in your face the way you  
My Lai: Battle of Vietnam, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972







# My Mailer Problem

by Germaine Greer

*With the Prisoner of Sex please rise and hear the verdict*

It was early on in the career of *The Female Eunuch* as the former out-of-print English best seller that I heard Mailer wanted to debate with Kate Millett and me in a benefit for the Theatre for Ideas in the New York Town Hall. It seemed such an extraordinary proposition for a new writer that it never occurred to me to refuse, although within days I had heard Kate Millett had done just that. I never did hear her reason, although I privately resented other people's vengeance of it: that Kate was afraid of Mailer, that she was glib and shy, that she was exhausted and disgusted after being long subjected to the machinery of publicity. It was not until I acquired a copy of *Forer's* March, 1971, issue that I began to see that there were legitimate and passionate reasons for having nothing to do with the liberation of Norman Mailer. *The Prisoner of Sex* is itself a counteroffensive in among "the radiation of advancements and awards in the various salons, weddings and victories of that aesthetic bohémien known as the literary jase." For Mailer, Woman's Liberation had become simply another battle of the books in a war in which he had been campaigning all his life. I had already discovered the steady side of Fifth Street, in the curious selection by editors of pregnant women to review my book, in the curiously readings which supported the subjective bias of reviewers after reviewer, especially those who pointed me. This singular arena was where G.I. Joe Mailer stood back to fight; unfortunately he persisted in confusing paper pellets and bullets of the brain with real blood and iron, so there was no talking when this armchair reflection might lead him.

It was thus failure to perspective which led him to be so easily convinced by so less a guardian of truth than the editor of *Time* magazine, that "he was, as he knew all too well, perhaps the primary target of their [the women's] attacks." The gammar of this idea must have come from Mailer himself. One could hardly imagine anyone actually saying, and on the telephone too, "You are, as you know all too well, perhaps the primary target of their attacks." Even editors of *Time* are not so certain of perspective, nor would have. But if we confuse with Mailer's narrative we had him tamping down the anarchic man to occupy the direct line of fire, and replying accordingly, "No, he had not refused." Why could he refuse all reality? With money, disappointment, frustration, injustice, poverty, helplessness and despair for the women to wage war against, how could a man with a dash of discretion in the many situations of his ego imagine that he, little he, represented a primary target (with or without a power of veto)?

But the editor of *Time* who has to face it like a man and on talk himself plank out of a cheap elery. Mailer instantly twigs that to offer on the telephone the

rest of a possible look—to figure as one of a hundred messy assassins which make pre-meditated mass-discrimination news—was "improvident. He would be giving up substance—which is to say—not making money...," But stronger than the need for money to run his complicated life and support his ambitions to be a great actor and film maker, was his need to drive the women's fire-breathing in the presumption that "a squadron of enraged Amazons, an honor guard of revolutionaries (if we could only see them) vagrants" had ambushed him "ghost-phishes" and were chewing it half to death, he unwittingly betrayed his deepest fantasy, that his talent, alas his phobias, alas "firm strong-boned ego," three sides of the equilateral triangle which constitute the Mailer godhead, soared above them all. The last temptation was, as far as the women could be concerned, the greatest treason.

Now he was trapped. To be the center of any situation was, he sometimes thought, the real center of his loss—better to expose as a devil in the fire than an eagle in the wings.

The imagery is drawn from the morality play, and perhaps it applies even better than Mailer was aware, for the devil is a bookish character, beset by angels and crackers, already preoccupied and deluded, forever delaying his gnawing grief and fury at having lost the love and the sight of God. The battle of the books would also involve a skirmish with the "High Media": the book would require publicity, publicity means film and television. The pseudo-debate in Town Hall would satisfy all needs. There would be another book in it, perhaps a film too, with luck and good management.

His genius was to mobilize on the instant. Long before *The Prisoner of Sex* dealt the final stroke to Willie Morris' *Morphy's*, Mailer was setting up his own morality play, in which he could enact his own emergence by being torn apart by a horde of women, for he would not risk being outflanked by a single woman. When Kate Millett refused to join in, I assumed that there would be no debate, for quite other reasons, for I still considered myself too intelligent to provide adequate opposition. Nevertheless I embarked on a mailing campaign which commenced on the eventual condemnation long before I saw the aggressive condemnation in *The Prisoner of Sex*. It became a standing joke that I would seduce Norman Mailer and prove to the breathless warring world that he was, as I had opened to Felix Scarpio, the world's worst. When Pierre Herbin asked me on his television show why I had such a high opinion of Valerie Solanas

The art of corrective takes many forms—here, an impression in name of the Public Mailer as performed by Patricia Gorman, who cuts her art from Visual Education.

Photographed by Michel Mouton



Despite her attack on Ayatollah Warhedi, I missed that a crack at attempting to kill people did not mean that you were a bad person. "Norman Mailer stalk a leopards in his work and no one would deny that he's a great writer," Marz said more often I was being asked what I thought of Norman Mailer, and my replies became more and more hysterical. Ultimately, in a rush of alienation, I announced that I wanted to carry him like a wounded child. I wrote that I had expected him to bite his own head off. "I'm one last killer gone," like Osama Bin Laden. Like Muhammad Ali I was softening up my opposition in advance with rhetoric.

# Chronicles of Wasted Time

by Malcolm Muggeridge

A Socialist apologizing

*Aims now as remote as Paris, with some emphasis on art, at least personal longevity is the keynote. It is not inevitable that we are to be young people.*

—Pascal

WE commemorators—venerals of work, in the St. Augustine expression—tend to accumulate a lot of waste matter as we go along. I never press cuttings, maybe posted up in books, or just stuffed (as analogues) old letters, or other of personal significance, recommitting some measure of ostensible drama in one's life, or from unknown correspondents, lettering or alive (between appearances bring in such of these), in both cases interesting to one's self-interest. Books are considered to be of special interest, or just review copies for some reason (usually to the publisher, for that matter, one's own books, still standing in tell-tale dust jackets on one's shelves. Photographs, souvenirs, presentation certificates, and—waste of any one—all the different passes, letters, permits, visas and other such documents needed to make one's way about the increasingly abstract world. The signs and letters of a professionally exhibitionary era. After half a century in the business, I have a mountain of such junk.

The fact that I have allowed these, what the French police call *preuves justificatives*, to accumulate at all indicates, I suppose, that I attach a certain value to them, and have an intention someday to sort them out and arrange them chronologically with a view to their preservation, maybe at some American university, grateful for any rubbish to fill the air-conditioned, dust and dispirited walls. I doubt, though, whether I shall ever bring myself to undertake the task. The odds are I shall die with it still unsorted, and I see as reason why anyone else should bother with it. Unless my beloved No. 11, if the odds live me (as I pray she may, rather

than leaving me, desolate behind), tries her best of me to shelve them, single or store them together, and store them away in boxes in her most methodical way. Then perhaps one of my children or grandchildren might subsequently have a look at them. Or for them for which I would like to—such would say, I fear, be such; apart from an occasional signature or letter from someone distinguished enough to be considered worthy of "inclusion" in the memoirs. My years of journalism have, in my case, insulated me as a strong and, as I consider, on the whole superior resistance to revealing or recommitting anything less earlier than yesterday. With a few special exceptions, I have had no wish to recommit acquaintance with my past writings, whether published or unpublished. Even when they have been reprinted, I have not wanted to revise them, or, if the truth be told, use them. That mysterious saying *Let the dead bury their dead* applies, as far as I am concerned, with particular force to words, which cost the sweat in the tropics, bawling briefly round a hurricane lamp, and then plunging up in dead letters on the ground.

Nonetheless, from the very beginning of my life I never doubted that words were my motor. There was nothing else I ever wanted to do except use them, no other accomplishment or achievement I ever had or desired. I have always loved words, and still love them, for their own sake. For the power and beauty of them; for the wonderful things that can be done with them. I had a vivid recollection of this even when I was in Darwin, Australia. A message came to me that a man in hospital there had expressed a wish to see me. It seemed he had heard something I said on the radio that had taken him to me. I went along, and he turned out to be a wounded old fellow who had spent much of his life in

the bush, and now was obviously gone from the life. He was quite blind. At first, I just couldn't think of anything to say, and felt the silent reproach of his dead eyes. Then, suddenly, there came into my mind what Gloucester says in *King Lear* when he blathers conversation with him on his blindness: "I stumbled when I saw." Just five simple, ordinary words, but the affect was immediate and terrific. My man loved them, and kept saying them over and over. As I went out of the ward I could hear him still repeating them to a kind, pious voice. "I stumbled when I saw." It is the language was the Word, and in the end, too, I despair.

Long before I could read them, or even properly identify the letters, I used to flip over the pages of my father's books. And, irregularly scrutinized over newspaper, the *Daily News*, most particularly because my father told me it had once been edited by Dickens, though its contents, too, were largely an expression of his as Egyptian hieroglyphics. I now remember the arrival of the first issue of the *New Statesman*, my father being an original subscriber. Its rather raggy paper—almost like blotting paper—would, I discovered, be used to make ersatz envelopes. I puffed at it before I began to read it, still less to write in it, deriving, I should say, more solid satisfaction from it than that of the old ragged quantity. On one of my early birthdays I was given a top printing set with whose large rubber letters I was able to print off my first composition. It was a story of a boy going about every fact, and to the satisfaction of the newspapers, coming through the small streets along the track without stopping. The satisfaction, however, turned to anxiety, and then to panic, as it dawned on them that it was not going to stop at their streets, but was to go on to their. They cried and shouted and shook their fists, but all to no avail. The

train went roaring on. At the time I had no idea what, if anything, the story signified. It was only later, my word, and the rubber letters dropped into place of themselves. Yet, as I came to see, and see now more clearly than ever, it is the story I have been writing ever since, the story of our time. The motivation, at layman's elementary level, reaches into the future, to its works have a prophetic quality. A Dostoevsky forecast just what a revolution will mean in Russia—a mass force—was Stalin, whereas an historian like the Hittler and his liberal intellectual friends envisage the coming to pass of an amiable parliamentary democracy. Stenham, a Hake or a Hakea, is clearly not clearly through the imagination the dream consequences of industrialism and technology must have for mankind, whereas, as envisaged in the mind of a Herbert Spencer or an H. G. Wells, they can bring only expanding worlds and his lasting happiness. It was not until much later that I came to identify the passengers in my train as Lord Beveridge, Dr. Spock, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Kingsley Martin, Eleanor Roosevelt, and a number of progressive writers, politicians, philosophers, religion preachers and other such ancient persons.

Words being my single pursuit, I have to accept my output of them as being as it were my own personal product. And what output?—efficiency and efficiency, on all manner of subjects and in all manner of contexts. Declamatory leading articles and little reflection group paragraphs; newspaper columns, seven stacks of all shapes and sizes; small columns book reviews, feature articles, captions, commentaries and sermons. If, after seven of time in hell or heaven or purgatory, I were to be asked what earthly life was like, I should say, I am sure, say it was a sheet of paper fixed in a typewriter and needing to be covered with words, not tomorrow, or next week, or next year, but now. I should say it was a clapper net and rubber letters followed by a penographic voice pronouncing the word. And so I had raised, then drastically falling, a career advancing with bloodstain, Vines, hand and camera equally dependent on the written word.

Surveying now this monstrous Niagara of words so urgently demanded and delivered, I confess they signify to me but a lost life. Positively vaguely connected, but never ranked. A life, I suppose, only to disappear. Something vaguely caught, as it were, but never to be defined, or to be an obscure fragrance, something full of ex-

haustion and the promise of nostalgia. But, for now, and yet more, and the very farthest corner of time and space, and in the palm of my hand in my case, whether struck after in the remote distance, or pushed for me at hand—contentment. No hint more enduring than a match flaring out of a dark cave, no ecstasy, only a door closed, and footsteps echoing over more faintly down stone stairs.

I often wonder how it will ever be possible to know anything at all about the people and the happenings of our time. Such masses and masses of documentation. Statistics without and data of every kind, systematic accounts, notes and files of files.



The author in 1970

vide abundance. Surely out of all this, perhaps, if we desecrate, will be able to reconstruct it and our lives. But will it? I think of Sidney and Beatrice Webb down at Pauline's patiently collecting and collating every scrap of information that can be laid hands on about the Soviet regime. Travelling about the U.S.S.R. in the same end. An experienced investigator, so rigorous and careful. Checking every fact, testing every hypothesis. And the result—a monumental, if not a volume of history compared with which Casanova's *Memoirs*, Frank Harris' *own*, are actor and realistic. If I think of the messages of Our Own Correspondent, even, then everywhere, and of all the dozens of books which should be read and that then and not then. I remember the yellow ticker tape

typed up as my news in the Washington Star, the Times, the Guardian, and being only it is pulled out a page to which of an my own account, from time to time, to New York and London. Will this be much help to posterity? I doubt it. Content is free, but can we ever make sense of it? Scott's great dream for the Guardian, Yes, but whose news?

*The Life's end Wandering of the Soul*

*And under you to Believe a Lie*  
When you are with, and then,  
the Eye.

These news have been such adept at seeing with, rather than through, the eye, as the proverb of Scott's said, and said that their power is all too willing, to believe a multitude of lies.

On, again, I think of a camera crew on the job. Good record and camera-ism, undoubtedly hated as they had seen from their cameras, and steadily waiting and committing their producer accurately having behind to prevent them from standing and falling. Moving with a kind of gas to stand step, rather like a motor, approaching the wall. Any thing holding a narrow up to nature? Cinema world or faith? Where's the picture grain? On, as I once saw written as a case of film—surely the perfect, reflected metaphor—"Down for dead. The eye is the window of the soul, and man without eyes, says Kafka. On the day that Harold Wilson became Prime Minister for the first time, I happened to be in Chicago, and stood on Michigan Avenue with my camera and a microphone, waiting patiently while they thought about him and our change of government. To my great satisfaction, I was unable to find anyone, old or young, black or white, smart or stupid, who had heard of the event or cared anything about it. Behind where I was questioning them, up above the Tribune Building, there was one of those devices whereby news flashes by in fifty letters. Every minute or so it had heard of the event or cared anything about it. Behind where I was questioning them, up above the Tribune Building, there was one of those devices whereby news flashes by in fifty letters. Every minute or so it had heard of the event or cared anything about it. Behind where I was questioning them, up above the Tribune Building, there was one of those devices whereby news flashes by in fifty letters. Every minute or so it had heard of the event or cared anything about it.

HAROLD WILSON NEW BRITISH PRIME MINISTER. A fast background to cut late in history when the great papers were on, some standard historical, trying in good. Herd's story. And the result—a monumental, if not a volume of history compared with which Casanova's *Memoirs*, Frank Harris' *own*, are actor and realistic. If I think of the messages of Our Own Correspondent, even, then everywhere, and of all the dozens of books which should be read and that then and not then. I remember the yellow ticker tape



[illegible]

On these occasions I was always uplifted, never doubting that my father was right, and that all he promised would and would come to pass, despite the seeming indifference of those he addressed. In my copy of *The Fulcrum's Progress*, much

[illegible][illegible]

out the words. Writing a letter was, for her, a heavy labor—a royal haul, with no penetration, and shaky spelling. Yet I have to record that when I was away she quite often wrote me, letters, as if I should have returned to her. I have never seen one on her part, and, oddly, signed "Anna!" not "Your affectionate mother," or anything like that. Once when she was seriously ill in a nursing home near Bournemouth, and I went to see her, she indicated that she had something to tell me. I went and sat down by her head, and at last she got it out, someone I was very interested in had in the past once occupied that house—somebody, but she couldn't really manage the name. Then she turned and said "Tolstoy." I made I don't know what she was quite right. Tolstoy had briefly stayed in the house during a visit to England. It was only afterwards that I remembered how touching it was of her to have stored up for me this information. I have never seen her again. She disappeared, just there, so late.

My mother had a way of sometimes using unexpectedly vivid phrases. Thus, at one of our evening sessions she related that I was apparently reading an English translation of Nietzsche's *Confessions* I'd picked up from among my father's books. In point of fact, the book was far too difficult for me at that stage, and it was mere pretence on my part to be reading it. I was given to this sort of affectation, and even much later in my life, if I was reading in public—say, on a bus or a train—I liked it to be something that would strike anyone who happened to notice as

being alive and aware. Later I came to share the Confession, even though many boys, for some obscure quality of immaturity or selfishness, were afraid to do so. My wife was beautifully clear and appple like mother, clearly, blind Romanism in the strict, abhorrence, and, while refusing to believe in the Holy Communion, information that he had been born with his blood boiling. It was an observation that greatly intrigued me, and, not understanding at all what my mother was getting at, I asked him to explain it. With his head bowed, he told, babbling and stammering like a teenager of peroxide I was as preoccupied with this that I failed to follow my mother's subsequent remarks. He said that he had never known when she was young that she would rather see me, as you put it, dead at her feet than doing something or other—oh, I had an sort of an idea, but I thought it strange. I was so far from my mother's concern that I was precious, darling, freely ran



my father's books, as far as it had absolutely no effect on me severely precision. M book at this time, when I fourteen, was *The Three M*. I loved it passionately, it a book that, in the whole of have failed reading some years turned back to page below again. In the edition a picture of *Ulysses* away from a meeting with. He is wearing only his sh he did not seem to me to be should have taken off his

Even so, my mother's werner, and the hard phrases gave me the feeling that I was being punished and reprimanded. It was as if I were at home.



The author notes a

I felt that somehow she was pointing at something bigger at him. Once she said to me directly that she hoped I would never know what she had had to put up with. On Sunday mornings, when I was in the car, she would tell me, and if the weather was suitable, working in the garden, this vaguely sensory manner was liable to take a more concrete form. In a house at the back of a row, and overlooking six gardens, there was a small side window, and she would stand in the doorway to convince herself, a passer-by would not be exposing herself or otherwise sending my father erotic signals. It was a persistent anxiety, but so real to her that she would sit in a kind of frenzy from window to window, and I would see her, and then, from behind the curtains, and from

to catch glimpses of the offending eyes, my father, meanwhile, musing on calmly planting his potatoes on hewing between the rows of his spring onion. My mother's expression was a faint, unsmiling smile, a horrifying, cultured and unrepentant and certainly aimed. It was my first glimpse of authentic evil, and—as always happens with evil—indebted me, even being the most sophisticated, and most corrupt, and most seductive of forms, to a more primitive, more up close at the MIT window, and, imagining I saw there an obscenely smiling face, and two pendulous breasts hanging down like Christmas turkeys to attract my father's gaze. The only comparable incident I can remember occurred on West 82nd



# Marriott, the Marine

by William Styron

*Semper Paratus: A selection from the forthcoming novel  
The Way of the Warrior*

In the Spring of 1945, when I was called back to a marine reserve to serve in the Korean War, I was in my middle mid-thirties though I felt like a teenage man. A number of years ago I wrote a fictional narrative based loosely on this period in my life, and it is possible that those who may have read that work will, in the manner that follows, discern a few familiar echoes where I am certain to trespass here and there upon that earlier, wistful mood. Naturally, I am an unaggressive, even pacifist type, contrary to the marine; and the very idea of military life sets up a colored mist in my head—no fire, no pipes, no gullant trumpet calls, only a slow gray drizzle of muffled drums. In my recollection of the Marine Corps it is for some reason almost always missing. Regarded in a wistful, nostalgic mood, I am standing in a downpour, with absolute clarity I can recall how, once waiting in a slow line during an Hawaiian chowline, I watched transfixed as my mess kit slowly filled in the basin with gray water. On my thoughts wander and I ponder the old monetary, the waiting—the truly vicious, intolerable waiting—then the radiant bustle, the offensive food, the sweat and fear, the endless jockey, the racket of rifle fire, the degrading sublimity, the trivial, momentary friendships, the whole humiliating baggage of a caste system solidified in its role to meet their basest vantage. I am capable of brooding on such matters with self-punishing persistence, with muted wrath and pleasure, as one relives as often some truly arduous successfully refused.

No, the Marine Corps is no place for a man of my shyness, contemplative stage. Yet say such prolonged experience is truly to generate the war unique nostalgia, if that's the proper word (many misnomers, I've learned, confound in assuming an individual dreads about their past expe-

riences), and besides, the Marine Corps is not the Army or the Navy but something intrinsically itself. Maybe I should even go to as arduous, private truth and that is that, despite the foregoing stereotypes, the Marine Corps has left me with a residual respect—certainly fascination—which, dominating as it may be, I find it impossible to suppress after all these years. The result that consequently, like a voyager who fights his urge yet is from time to time drawn to public bathhouse, I am led back to those lucidly recollected scenes, faded despite myself to try to make that forgotten catharsis give up one or two of its innermost secrets.

Anyway, the second call to duty nearly wiped me out. I had served three years in the Marines during the Second World War. I had been a first-classer, a real tempo, and possessed the lustful devotion to duty that belonged to the extremely young of my generation. A volunteer, I had worked my way up from back privates to second lieutenant, spending most of my time at sea camps in the United States but receiving enough of a dose of misery in the Pacific near the war's end to discourage me from pursuing the military service as a livelihood. I was discharged and set free to finish my college education and subsequently to make my career, finding my way in the world of letters. A year or so later through a misfortune which placed upon both my inertia and my awe, and which I was dumb enough to fall for, the Marine Corps enticed me back into its paralytic; offered a promotion in rank, to first lieutenant, and a reserve status which required no duty or drill, no responsibility, no commitment other than that I be available in the event of a future emergency (and how remote such a danger seemed back there within the military shadow of the atomic bomb). I took the bait with what must be regarded as naive naivety; truly a victim of the

age of the soft sell. When orders (in plaintext) came, less than four years later, to report for duty to the Second Marine Division in North Vietnam, my war and shock became almost unaccountable—partly due to the knowledge of my own complicity in the matter. But bloody wars and the night of nations, as Rimbaud observed, are kick upon such without significance.

Since that account is not about myself really, but about Paul Marriott—who at the time I am describing was a lieutenant colonel in the regular Marine Corps—I do not want to use more space than is necessary in dwelling upon the uncertainties that led up to our relationship. But in all honesty I cannot skip the whole dreary atmosphere, the mood of dependency—dreams would not be too strong a word—which surrounded me and my friends as we waited our solemn rehearsal for another war. For if I had not felt so threatened, so set off place, so focused in this new yet so awfully familiar environment, how I had been half-heartedly searching for someone with whom I might come to a reasonably efficient understanding. Paul Marriott might have posed unattainable and we would not have sought each other out, and I might have failed to discover that exceptional man whom the Marine Corps had nurtured and honored. So if only for my own satisfaction I must try to describe my first days of mess at the mess, and recount some of the details of the predicament so many of us found ourselves trapped in that spring and the following months.

It may be easily guessed that at this point I had undergone a fairly thorough transformation. Washed were the ideals of duty and sacrifice. I had been to college and had cultivated the humane studies and had come to develop a strong aversion to war fare, along with many of my contemporaries. For the sake of an illusory and momentary "victory" in

Photograph by Carl Foster



poor guys freezing their peckers off, the brass has gotten what they like to call "winter-endemic" in their [trench]-coats," says Williams in phrases—check means that my hot-taken commander, gay nurse! Heisen who is very strict in the ass with the Corps armor, gave a *frank* of walking on through as dusty from a snow, so he could see his friend, April in the last end month I leave, and you should count your blessings for getting here now!"

"When do you think we'll be shipping out overseas?" I asked.

"I don't know," he says, "we seem to know! But the best guess is that we'll be here at least until Christmas. God, I hope it's not too soon, or ever. We've had our war for Christ, yes. I've had enough of the bulletproof machine about in the Great!"

"As it turned out, I got to know Lucy Danilo better than any of my fellow reserve officers. In fact, we struck up a sporadic and unimpaired friendship, having none other than our experiences in common. Lucy was a few years older than I—she was twenty-eight or nine—though he had the blue-eyed, blond, scrubbed good looks that gave him the appearance of a teenager. At first, places there had been something almost ridiculously regular and conventional about his open, boyish face—I thought of the well-scrubbed American kid in the Coca-Cola and bar-tender ads—but, the impression of scrubbed youth had been replaced by a somber, almost unimpaired, beneath the fresh fraternity-boy countenance lay a temper that was experienced, controlled, and sardonic and even. And he had been scarred at the head because of war. While barely twenty he had been commissioned a second lieutenant, and had participated in a platoon commander in some of the most ferocious engagements in Okinawa, coming out of it unscathed but with several memories of those who had been slaughtered all around him—"The tension," he said.

After the war he finished up at Columbia, in the city of his birth, taking a degree in philosophy. Later he went to France, where he studied at the Sorbonne, married a French girl, and where—pursued by the same "tension," as he put it, that had bedeviled everyone else vulnerable to the fatal invitation to resign the reserve. Shortly after this he received news of the death of his father, patriarch of an old Westchester W.A.S.P. family and the publisher of a small but very prominent list of scientific textbooks, and Lucy returned to New York with his French

bride in order to take over the firm and to live a cultured life made up of "good wine, good food and even, orderly children, and two months in France every summer." But this fantasy had been blown to pieces. As for his present plight, he had found it neither with early independence, as a few had, nor with instant acceptance, as had some others, but with a kind of controlled and cynical despairism permeated by grimy good humor. About the only truly solemn fear I ever heard him give voice to was that he might get involved making with his wife Anna, another summer's visit to the United States—he had bought in the life near France.

"Of course, you understand there are degrees of maturity," he went on, "and if you are attentive to this fact, it will allow you a certain consolation. If only in a relative way. For instance, take your own situation. On an ascending scale of maturity from child to adult, you stand as a child or a little less. Why? Well, look at the first place you're not married, you have no responsibilities or financial obligations, so see in support, so, basically your maturity index is lessened to two. If you're not getting a regular piece of ass but, that put, which of us? At that you're given your book written and can keep for some small immortality, also a bit of money, if you live like that. Two less, so you stand as an officer, you compared to those related immunities you get to live with some of the immunities. So I'd place you almost as far down on the misery scale as it's possible to get."

"What else you put yourself, saintly guy?" I said. The twenty-five-year-old lieutenant had filled me with a soothing melancholy and Lucy's name seemed to be that between distant orphans and straightforward desperation. "Oh, God, no. Lucy!"

"Oh God, no. Minsky wife, I don't claim any points. I do have the responsibility of a wife, which puts me ahead of you a bit. And because the of my marriage makes me have to stay in New York—that gives me another small patch. But we have no children—bad chance, but fortunate under the circumstances—and in addition I have a good solid professional wife running the family business, and it continues to make money slowly in my absence. It would be a virtually presumption of me to put my misery any higher than two or three miserable things I am."

The day had begun to fill up with rain, when, when, between twenty-five and thirty-five mostly, hazy and opaque in sport

shirts and slacks, save for a splashing of gray trays in green dress-suits, past in from some old-fashioned, neatly polished suits of hair? It was or there, in clusters of a half dozen or more they loitered around the perfunctory Formica tables or stood silently at the bar itself as their voices, not loud but very sharp, filled the air with a passionate monotony of discontent. Sometimes I heard laughter but it sounded bitter, and it was more often than not cut off short, as if of whoever had laughed had seemed an unpleasantly I was struck by the same with which I was once able to distinguish the nervousness of himself from those who had shared with Lucy the routine of several months. The veterans, besides being trimmer and tanner, seemed to bear themselves with a certain calm, plain assurance, as if they had become acclimated to the stress of this new existence, had through slow reorganization become steadily more in tune, familiar with duties and tensions, that from were looks of bemused resignation, and they appeared older than their years. The recent arrivals, most of whom were sailors of sea and who were pulled in place with self-doubt, seemed to bear the stress of new hope at sunset scenes—shaking with bewilderment, eyes coming to quest of friendship, altogether unsteady.

At whatever our situation, we were all bound to each other by a single shocked amazement, and thus was that for the second time in less than a decade we were faced with the prospect of a new death. It is almost impossible to describe to you what it was our own fate we were here. Yet suddenly, as my gaze wandered from face to face among this silent, anonymous assembly of misplaced orphans—these alien faces and empty managers and personnel directors and salesmen—I was gripped by a foreboding about our presence in this weary wilderness that at once threatened and made almost certain of our inevitable doom, and even our collective fate. For it appeared to me that all of us were both oppressors and victims of some uncontrollable aggression, a hungry will for bloodshed, crushing not only thoughtful America but the world, and I could not help but already shiver in their knowledge.

I recall having felt sleep and I used of a nap before dinner, and I used to go to my most spiritual, when Lucy put a hand on my arm and said, "There are many fine and serene and serene on the ocean side—ships with" (Continued on page 120)

# TENNESSEE WILLIAMS TURNS SIXTY

by Rex Reed

*Nobody, absolutely nobody, knows the troubles he's seen*

"Baby, I've been sick." Tennessee Williams sits under a chandelier sporting a rose moustache and a freshly shaved beard, having dinner at Antoine's. He is eating Oysters Rockefeller and sipping cold white wine and is talking about life. If a swampy siphon could talk, he would sound like Tennessee Williams. His tongue seems coated with rum and molasses as it darts in and out of his mouth, licking at his lips like a pink bead. His voice waxes wistfully. His old gray eyes smile in a room with no windows, music in a mad world like a wounded man, sitting finally in a room somewhere between Fathish, Bismarck and Sheraton Dumas. His hands flutter like dying birds in an abandoned aviary. Tragic melancholy makes tortured sensuality. At the age of sixty the world's most famous playwright sits precariously on the ledge of vulnerability, fighting like a boxer and talking like a poet. "The circus hasn't been tried to peek out my eyes and my tongue and my mind, but they're never been able to get at my heart."

He's been sick all his life. Epilepsy left him with a jolting ailment and a childhood paralysis that took years to cure. He had his first nervous breakdown when he was twenty-three. For the past ten years his hands were numb and drugged. In 1960 he was found slumped in a psychiatric hospital. "Baby, I was out of my shell, I could no longer remember how many pills I had taken, and the liquor I washed them down with had a synergetic effect. I woke up at two a.m. peering a pot of seething hot coffee all over my body. When I woke up my brother Dakin had committed suicide. I was alone where I had three convulsions and two heart attacks in three days. They were unbelievably cruel to me. Sleep is absolutely essential to me if I'm to do my work. Four hours is adequate, but I became a pill freak because I wasn't ever getting sleep. In the long run, they let me go as many as four days and nights without sleeping any sleep. I had thirty convulsions and nearly died. But I've been here. I'm off the booze and I only take two Miltown and half of a Neobarbital a day. I had to give up phenobarbital. It had absolutely no effect on me whatsoever. If I still can't sleep, I take the other half of the Neobarbital. I don't think I can go any day."

"Are you afraid of death?" I ask.

He stares at the swirls inside an empty coffee shell. "I think I've always been somewhat preoccupied with it. It appears in my plays as an incessantly recurring theme. There have been evenings when I've been afraid to go to bed. The past few years have been awful. I was living a life during the Sixties that was virtually an obliteration of life, deep under the influence of pills and liquor around the clock. I don't know what I was doing if I wasn't trying to find an easy way out. Oh, I thought now and then how I would kill myself if I ever got around it. . . ."

There is a pause from across the table, where Tennessee's two friends sit quietly listening. They are a professor of English in a small liberal-arts college off West, who had come to see his old friend in New Orleans before he sailed for Italy on another restless search for inner peace, and a young member lawyer named Victor Herbert Campbell, twenty-one, the latest in a line of secretaries and traveling companions. "You can tell me," he says the young man, "it's short for Victor?"

"Baby," asserts Tennessee. "You mean, short for Victim?" The beaming blinks and returns to his tank. "I'm reading on the *Metropolitan* for Renee. George is going with it."

"How is George?" asks the professor, affixing some double all over his white hair plantation suit.

"Not well," sighs Tennessee. "Last time we saw him he hadn't had for five weeks and doctors were hanging down from the garage over his car doors. The change will do him good."

"Have you seen Gene?"

"Of course not. I expect I'll see him before I hear from him. I was simply furious over what he wrote about me in *Two Sisters*. Victor never looks any more like his Gene when he was young."

"What's Gene?" asks Victor, swallowing a handful of French fries.

"He's a writer, baby. He wrote *Myra Breckinridge*."

"Oh, I heard of that." Victor answers triumphantly. Tennessee turns to me. "This child doesn't know James McCombs from Irving Berlin. He's a product of the television generation, so don't you Victor." At home in Key West, he stays up and watches the Late Show and then comes up to my room and tells me the plots. We should be home there, come, except that I cannot live in Key West anymore, because I am too old to live anywhere where I can't get medical treatment when I need it.

There are so many illnesses in the life of Tennessee Williams that after a while it is not clear just what one begins and another leaves off. I ask him about his last psychotic one. "I've had almost nothing but them, I just don't know when in the next month, I'd have an operation to be back for the best interest. When I conducted my heart surgery, Dr. George Barker, who is now Orleans had summer, in the course of the examination he noticed a slight swelling in the location of the left coronary gland. . . ."

"I am going to consult my neurologist and my cardiologist," interrupts the professor.

"Heart matter is a rare thing among men, isn't it?" I

can't resist the question.

" . . . yes, but baby, your things have been happening to me all my life. Anyway, as a acquaintance of mine, who shall remain anonymous for our purposes, was in the process of taking me to the Great and my doctor told







page-leaf things and shoot李白 Nelson would like. If we don't make him do something new he'll be sitting at Burger like the rest of his life."

"The movie starts at seven-thirty, you know."

"I know," she says, "that's why I took a bath now," and, a new Janice, still standing with her back to him, catches her bottom against his fly, lifting herself on tiptoes and arching her back to make a delicate double deep spreading contact. His mind softens, his cock hardens. "Boodes," Janice is saying, edging herself as tiptoes up and down like a child gently chiding to Barbary Coast. "The movie isn't just for Nelson, it's for me, for working so hard all week."

There was a question he was about to ask, but her eyes crossed it. She straightens, saying, "Harry, Harry. The water will get cold." Two damp spots are left on the front of his suspenders. The margin bathroom has dropped him; when she opens the door to their bedroom, the contact of cold air makes him, he assumes. Yet he leaves the door open while he addresses so he can watch her dress. She is practical, quick; rapidly as a movie director forward into the wash she has tagged her black pants, bone up over her legs. She slips to the closet for her skirt, to the bureau for her blouse, the frilly robe one that he thought was reserved for parties. Feeling the heat with his foot (too hot), he remembers.

"Hey Janice. Somebody said today

your parents were in the Poonies. Last night you said your father was at the bar."

She bails in the center of their bedroom, staring into the bathroom. Her dark eyes darken the more; she sees his hot white body, his spreading slack gut, his unannounced member hanging loose as a movie comb from its blood roots. She sees her young athlete grunted, maddened. She sees a large white man a little more like him. The angels cold strength of his laughing her, the archness of his coming back and clamping something in the combination that she cannot forget, that justifies her. Her eyes must turn on him, for he turns his back and begins to step into her water; his buttocks merge with her loins, she thinks her all was lost moment and vulnerable here, meeting in the baby they were. She says firmly, "They were in the Poonies but come back early. Men always think of these words that's being recalled," and without waiting for an answer to let her run downstairs.

While walking in the pool tagged by his hair and blood, Rabbit hears Nelson come into the house. Voices run crazed through the ceiling. "What a crummy man-like," the child assumes. "He's hated already."

Janice says, "Then aren't you glad it isn't yours?"

"Yeah, but there's a more expensive one, really neat, a Glenside, that Grandma could get at discount for us so it wouldn't cost any more

than the cheap one."

"Your father and I agree, two hundred dollars is too much for a top."

"It's not a top, Mom, it's something I could really earn about as much as And you can get a blouse and Daddy could drive it to work some days instead of taking a bus all the time."

"I hate it!" Rabbit yells, "it stinks of Negroes," but as soon below in the kitchen acknowledges hearing him.

Throughout the evening he has the sensation of nobody hearing him, of his spirit reaching in polio paralysis, so he takes all the leader and more insistently. Driving the car (even with his flag) down the Nelson feels more like Janice's car than his, the drive it as much more back down Kimberly to Water, past the movie house and across the bridge, he says, "Goddammit I don't see why we have to go back into Bremer to get it, I spend all fucking day at Bremer."

"Nelson agrees with me," Janice says. "It will be an interesting experience. I've promised him there are lots of things that aren't sweet, it's not like Chinese food."

"We're going to be late for the movie, I'm sure of it."

"Penny Panschi says—" Janice begins.

That does," Rabbit says. "Penny Panschi says the burning in the must be some part. A lot of stars, and some sympathy. Anywhere there must be short subjects or at least those things that want you to go out into the lobby and buy more

snacks."

Nelson says, "I heard the beginning is real neat. There's a lot of women sitting meat that's really raw, he starts them up a gay sad, and then you see one of them get really ripped with a bone. And they throw the bone up and it turns into a spaceship."

"Thank you, Mr. Spoil-it-All," Janice says. "I did I've seen it now. Maybe you two should go on to the movie and I'll go home to bed."

"The hell," Rabbit says. "You stick right with us and suffer for once."

Janice says, concealing "Women don't do women."

Harry takes the sensation of frightening her, of offering to confound outburst this fearless unknown he feels now in their time, among them like a fourth member of the family. The baby that died? But though Janice's grief was worse at first, though she bent under it like a road he was afraid might break, in the long years since he has become

the hole to the grief. Since he refused to let her pressure upon the matter and took her because more he. At first he tried to explain how it was, that sex with her had become too dark, too smother, too close to the death to trust anything that might come out of it. Then he stopped explaining and she seemed to forgive; like a cat who sniffs around in corners merely for the drowned kitten a day or two and then back to laying raft and eggplant in the wash bucket. Women and women forget. No need for science since they are what science needs to know. Just thinking of the baby, unconcerning how he had been told of her death over a pay phone in a telephone, puts a knot in his chest, a knot he still very deeply associates with God.

At Janice's directions he turns right off the bridge, at Janice's Friendly Lounge, and after a few blocks parks on Plum Street. He looks the car behind them. "This is pretty shabby territory," he complains to Janice. "A lot of rape lately down here."

"No," she says, "the paper prints nothing but rape. You know what a rape usually is? It's a woman who changed his mind afterward."

"Watch how you talk in front of the kid."

"He knows more now than you ever do. That's nothing personal, Harry, it's just a fact. People are more sophisticated now than when you were a boy."

"How about when you were a girl?"

"I was very dumb and innocent, I admit it."

"Not."

"Not nothing."

"I thought you were going to tell us how you are now."

"I'm not sure, but at least I've tried to keep our minds open."

Nelson, walking a little ahead of them but listening so much anyway, points to the great Scarfower Beer Clock on Weissel Square, which he sees means an overhead sign of a clock of visible on its way to bring per another parking lot. "It's twenty after six," he says. He adds, not certain his point was made, "At Burger when they serve you right away, it's just they keep them warm in a bag over that glass, plus for."

"No Burger. Plus for you, baby," Harry says. "Try Penn Paradise."

"Don't be ignorant," Janice says, "one is partly Janice." To Nelson she says, "We're here now, of time, there won't be anybody there this early."

"There is it?" he asks.

"Right here," she says, she has

led them without error.

The place is a brick row house, its bricks painted cobble red in the Bremer manner. A small noose sign advertises it. The Terrace. They walk up sandstone steps to the doorway, and a motherly maddened woman greets them, shows them into what was once a front parlor, broken through to the room beyond, the kitchen behind swinging doors be-

lieve. Though he can never see he one of them Harry likes their being here, in this restored to chaos it is this. Maybe Bremer isn't as dead as it feels as it seems.

The woman is in hand-painted handwriting Nelson's first lighters, studying it. "They don't have any sandwiches," he says.

"Nelson," Janice says, "if you make a form out of this I'll never take



you eat anything again. Be a big boy."

"It's all so glibly good."

She explains, "Everything is more or less like Kebab is when it's on a skewer. Moments, it's moved with respect."

"I hate apples."

Rabbit says her, "How do you know all that?"

"Everybody knows that much. Harry, you are so provincial. The two of you, sitting there side by side, determined to be miserable. Ugly Americans."

"You don't look all that Chinese yourself," Harry says, "even in your Little Lord Fauntleroy blouse."

Nelson says, "What's the answer?"

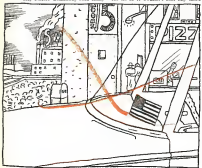
"I don't know," she says.

"I want that."

"You don't know what you want. Have the apples, it's the simplest. It's pieces of meat on a skewer, very well done, with peppers and onions between."

"I hate papaya."

Rabbit tells him, "Not the stuff that makes you sneeze, the green things like hollow tomatoes."



"I know," Nelson says. "I hate them. I know what a pepper is, Daddy, my God!"

"Don't worry like that. When did you ever have them?"

"In a pepper burger!"

"Maybe you should take him to Burger King and leave me here," Justice says.

Rabbit asks, "What are you going to have, if you're not fucking smart?"

"Buddy, come."

"Gee," Justice says, "both of you. There's a nice kind of chicken gas, but I forgot what it's called."

"You've been here before," Rabbit tells her.

"I want melopete," Nelson says.

Rabbit sees where the kid's finger is pointed on the menu and tells him, "Bingo, that's a desert."

Shouts of greeting announce in the doorway a large family of black hair and smiles, irritation, the water grates them as a sun and runs a table against a bench to make space for them all. They cackle their language, they gurgie, they coo, they could with the joy of arrival. Their chortle scree, their children stare down and beguiled from under the umbrellas of adult noise. Rabbit feels asked in his own thousand little family. The Penn Park couple slowly turn around, reverent, at the commotion, and then resume—the now blushing, he pulls content, reaching back to the toddlers, groping through the stems of wineglasses. The Greek folk refuse to wait but there is one man left over, who must have entered with them but hesitates

on the doorway. Rabbit knows him. Justice is over his head, keeping her eyes on the menu, frozen as they don't seem to read. Rabbit murmurs to her, "There's Charlie Stavros."

"Oh, really?" she says, yet still is reluctant to turn her head.

But Nelson turns and loudly calls out, "Hi, Charlie!" Stavros, the kid spends a lot of time at the table, where Stavros is the head adolescent.

Stavros has such head and sensitive ears his glasses are tinted like. He focuses his face breaks into the smile he must use at the close of a sale, a shy look in one corner of his lips making a dimple. He is a square-jawed, smiling, some, some shorter than Harry, some years younger, but with a natural composure of potent gravity that gives him the presence and poise of an older person. His hairline is receding. His eyebrows grow straight ahead. His nose is thickly, thickly, so if covering something fragile within him, in his black cheeks and his rectangular thick eyebrows and his dark, dark, dark eyebrows he seems through the world with an air of having chosen it. He is not having married, though he is in his thirties, adds to his quality of deliberation. Rabbit, when he sees him, always likes him more than he had intended to. He reminds him of the boy, clean-cut, sleek and never reluctant, who were playgrounds on the team. When Stavros moves deliberately around the obstacle of necessary adolescence, to their booth, it is Harry who says, "Come on," though

Justice, their youngest, has already said so.

Charlie stands and says to Justice, "The whole absolute Beautiful!"

She says, "These two are being horrible."

Rabbit says, "We can't read the menu."

Nelson says, "Charlie, what's the problem? I want some."

"No you don't. It's like, like, cotton-candy colored in their own ink."

"Silence," Justice says sharply.

Rabbit says, "Sit yourself down, Charlie."

"I don't want to be in it."

"I'd be a favor. Hell."

"That's being proper," Nelson concedes.

Justice impatiently puts the place beside her, Charlie sits down and asks her, "What does the kid like?"

"Hamburgers," Justice means, hesitantly. She's become an adult, deliberately, so if covering something fragile within him, in his black cheeks and his rectangular thick eyebrows and his dark, dark, dark eyebrows he seems through the world with an air of having chosen it. He is not having married, though he is in his thirties, adds to his quality of deliberation. Rabbit, when he sees him, always likes him more than he had intended to. He reminds him of the boy, clean-cut, sleek and never reluctant, who were playgrounds on the team. When Stavros moves deliberately around the obstacle of necessary adolescence, to their booth, it is Harry who says, "Come on," though

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# Life with Father

by William Burroughs Jr.

*Mother's milk was mixed with speed*

**M**y mother must have been a remarkable woman. During the entire course of my field development, she consumed enough Band-Aids daily to fill a redneck water hole while my father took three kungis of it a day to keep up with her in his own red and out-of-control way. I was born crying and in six seconds flat (split) onto an attic's farm in the Rio Grande Valley, Maritima, grown between the rows. My father had lived a guy named Joe to tend the fields and a couple of times a week he'd go down there and make him in the field. "He's dead! What's that growing in my field?" Hee, hee, hee.

We split for Mexico City almost upon the moment I was born, and all I can remember of the valley is the hot drying of locusts in the distance and the net over my crib to keep out the scorpions.

**Short Message of Memory:** Up to the age of four I was a pig-pig of soap and images of baby women washing clothes on a rooftop. Fat brown knuckles rummaging on washboards. . . A special thrill to see the view. . .

Standing in a corn-maze street with our Mexican maid and becoming fascinated with a bar scene while she barged over tomatoes. Inside in the half dark a small, black-haired young man with long teeth was feeding the breasts of a proboscis and drinking from a glass with the other hand. . . Jerked roughly away.

Memories in the distance when I awake at dawn and for no apparent reason but my father in the light. . . Light and ringing in the ears as he deburred in the light.

He knew what was happening. Moments on his part, he gave me a pen and the next day a huge shell. I understood from Nelson Lasker that he ate it that afternoon and had to go out and get me another. . . Spasms were my first language but now I've forgotten it. . . A long last feeling of freedom and animal consciousness.

I have no memory of our flat in the native quarter for reasons soon to become evident, but the spiral staircase that led down from our bay floor was lined with red and blue walls that kept me the best. At the bottom of the stairs in panache and sunlight was my little Mexican friend, Alice, who was the proud possessor of a white rabbit named Chiff. I had never seen shoes in my life until one day Chiff hopped up to one of my brown and brown toes and let the living shit out of it. Mild rabbit and I went upstairs to my mother's work when I vaguely remember we sat and went. I not only got a pair of shoes, but a fresh can of beans.

I had a half-sister named Julia, full of scales, my mother's daughter. She was only two years older than I, and the first hint of disaster that I can recall was a champagne side show between my mother and my mother's father of pushing wreckage for below, and I was being to my mother, saying he, he, how fast can this

old keep go? Julia and I spent most of the time huddled on the floor of the back seat as Allen pleaded for the driver to slow down. Finally we hit something and there was a little blood but not much. The driver was not my father and Allen tells me that for a long time there was some doubt as to whose child I actually was. But I have my father's chin and I have his beard and nose and double.

Again, my mother (Joan was her name) was a strange woman from what I have been able to gather. I believe she had brown hair and used to smell that her calves were a lot like. Some time later, my grandmother spoke to me in a quiet voice about how tired she was in "correct" company, speaking only to Bill. I may as well say that the Allen I refer to is Glimmer, and he told me one cold New York Christmas night that at other times she was driven by a death wish, as of course anyone who makes a habit of speed. He said he had the wrong photograph if I wanted to see it, but I checked usually and read something to the effect of "sister here." It was a cold night after all and the picture was courteous.

So mama was tangential to say the least. One night as I slept in our home when everyone was drinking or asleep, she placed an apple or an apricot or a grape or myself on her head and challenged my father to shoot. Bill, usually an excellent marksman, missed "Accidental homicide. Cause of death: Coronal hemorrhage" (at least).

So I can remember no details of the apartment or my mother. I have a psychiatrist as the husband.

"The past is fiction," my father says, which may or may not be true. But I tend to agree that what is essential is true. These memories or reconstructed memories are fleshing wrinkles and fluff, easily revisited. Not much of me is there and I was very sick in a rich woman's house where I was given odd jobs and where Julia led me up a long staircase to a tower where I was dirty but she taught me the best way to wash my hands which made me happy.

Then my father was there, pale and haunted. He took me to a park at eleven with Mexican men blowing in the wind from a double-bass blue sky. The "shattering blue" sky of Mexico I was slightly amused but happy as we stood by a fountain, a big one that breeched my face with spray in puffs of light. By the water, he unveiled his gift, a red heel that ran on alcohol-soaked cotton-wool in the stars. "We have to be careful now," he said with the utmost gravity as he shook it at the cotton and then the little ball changed gray circles on the water. But my eyes were on these tea-sages with gray hair who were watching us from the other side. They were nodding and I was afraid of them.

At this time I felt both straight into the sky. Perhaps perhaps was falling and slowing down from





# The Return of Joe Bonanno

by Gay Talese

The real story of a father and son's war within the Mafia



Joe Bonanno and son Bill, 1950

On a damp October night in 1951, as Joseph Bonanno stepped out of a baroque on Park Avenue near Thirty-sixth Street in Manhattan, he was grabbed by two heavy guards, one loaded with a snubnosed revolver, and disappeared. The next morning's headlines speculated that the fifty-one-year-old boss of a three-hundred-man Mafia "family" in Brooklyn was probably dead, victim of a planned murder.

Though a powerful leader for thirty-three years—his son fondly ate out of twenty-four, each ruled by a hen, and together they counted as some few thousand mafiosi in power either through the nation—Joseph Bonanno had recently become controversial as the national troublemaker. He was suspected of excessive violence, of seeking to expand at other bosses' expense, perhaps over their dead bodies, the violence that he already had in various parts of New York, Canada and Arizona. He was also criticized by a small group within his own family because he had recently authorized the elimination of his family's treatment of his son Bill, a ubiquitous-appearing man of thirty-two who seemed an anachronism in some old-style Sicilians in the Bonanno organization.

The father was offended by Bill Bonanno's promotion, regarding himself more deserving, was Giuseppe Di Greco, and even Di Greco, encouraged by letters in other families who were seeking for an excuse to challenge the elder Bonanno, turned a divided faction within the Bonanno family composed of approximately fifty members. Under normal conditions, Joseph Bonanno would have felt justified in having Di Greco eliminated for his disloyalty, but Bonanno knew that this would lead to a national Mafia war. Still, Bonanno re-

sented other bosses' interfering with his internal affairs. If he wanted his son to be a top lieutenant, that was his business, not the business of other bosses. And when Joseph Bonanno realized that the nine-man Mafia national commission, which was a kind of Supreme Court, and of which he was a member, wanted to assume him to explain the situation to his family arising out of his son's promotion and Di Greco's unhappiness, Joseph Bonanno stubbornly refused to attend any such meetings.

Thus, his disappearance on Park Avenue was not a fully accepted in the underworld, and after it occurred, his 150 loyal members called behind his son in recognition of an all-out war. The members had in various apartments in New York, waiting for confirmation of the elder Bonanno's death or the word of the first shot. But nothing happened.

Then on December 17th, nearly two months after the elder Bonanno's disappearance, his son learned through a telephone telephone call from a stranger that his father was alive. The informant said that Bill Bonanno should wait, be waiting, and that he would be seeing his father in a few days. Bill Bonanno conveyed the news to his father's attorney, but neglected to tell him that the information was confidential. Maloney released the news to the press. As a result, each additional pressure was put on Federal agents and the police tried and been embarrassed enough by their inability to find Bonanno, and each additional confusion was caused in the underworld, that the prominent negotiator in the Mafia concerning Bonanno's reappearance broke down.

During Christmas week, a time of traditional truce in the Mafia, the men in all the families exhaled out of

fright to meet secretly with their wives and children. But Bill Bonanno, taking himself a potential target nonetheless, and still depressed that his telephone call had perhaps further jeopardized his father's safety, remained in hiding in an apartment in Queens.

Disguised, carrying a gun under his overcoat, Bill spent Christmas Eve walking through Times Square. He went to a statue on Forty-second Street, drove through town in his car, was restless, bored.

He woke up on Christmas Day shortly before noon. Hearing the dog's impatient growl, he got out of bed and opened a can of food. The apartment seemed strangely empty without Frank Labianca, his bodyguard and uncle. He turned on the television set, then peered through the Venetian blinds. It was cloudy, the streets were covered with slush, and the small patches of snow underfoot had already been disturbed by polished soles. He started to think about his children, what they were doing at this very moment at home in East Meadow, Long Island, but he quickly blocked those thoughts from his mind.

He continued to look out the window at the few people who were walking, loaded up in coats and mufflers and boots, looking drab and unshelved, and he wished, as he so often did, that he were back in Arizona, where he had attended boarding school and college; and suddenly, he became concerned with a desire to go there. It might seem absurd, he knew, but at this moment he did not miss his expected, his father's house, his father's law, and, as he lay in bed, he did not miss in the least, not now, and he was in Arizona did not seem in the least irrational, the more he thought about it. There was nothing for him to do in New York during the holidays, no one that he could see, and he still considered Arizona his home. His younger brother would be there, on holiday vacation from Phoenix College, and so would a few of his father's friends. He could get some money while there, could also check on the condition of his father's house and various property.

So he decided to go. He went to a telephone booth and called a young man who was available for the transportation. He was going to help with the trip, being paid. Bill spent the rest of Christmas Day in the apartment. He went to bed early and awoke at four a.m. Then, accompanied by his dog, and after picking up the man at a nearby corner, he began the 1600-mile journey to Arizona.

In more than twenty years of shuttling back and forth between New York and Tucson, Arizona, beginning in 1932 as a ten-year-old student in Tucson, Bill Bonanno had gained an intimate sense of American geography, a familiarity with winding back roads and small back roads and the towns stretching from the industrial reaches of the Northeastern coast to the dusty flatlands of the West. He had developed an ear for regional dialects, an eye for the foreshadows of people, a taste for the kitchen specialties of hundreds of roadside restaurants. He knew the power of power, the tolls of taxes, the profits on mountain rocks, the prayers on billboards. He was attuned to the chatter of dice jockeys, the changing rhythms of regional radio. Without counting a map he could travel through back roads in each state, knowing the best ways to avoid overpopulated centers, rush-hour traffic, icy roads, radar traps.

The state he knew best, of course, was Arizona. He had covered every corner of it by car, horse, or on foot, or as the small airplanes that he had learned to fly years ago, a plane owned by one of his father's partners in a oilian farm that was located forty miles west of Tucson. Bill

had flown the plane low along the Mexican border between Mexico, skimming the tops of cotton fields and Indian reservations, and he had flown westward to the California line, eastward toward El Paso.

He had driven his car up into the Waste Mountains of eastern Arizona to go track horses, and he had gone over hunting along the southern Arizona border into Utah. After his marriage to Rosalie Perini in 1936, an extraordinary wedding attended by every top dog in America, he had returned to Arizona and had lived during the next seven years in various parts of the state, becoming in the high regions near the Grand Canyon, in the near city of Flagstaff. With an income of nearly \$900 a year, Flagstaff was a center for winter-sports activity. It also was the locale of Northern Arizona University, and shortly after Rosalie and Bill had settled in Flagstaff they had registered for courses there. The people of Flagstaff were outgoing and hospitable, and most of them remembered the Bonannos as a family with other couples, were being invited home to dinner, and were reacquainted. And not long after Bill's first few deposits in the local bank, the word spread through the community of 16,000 that he was a man of means.

He traveled in real estate, and in a small real estate office in the nearby town of Holbrook. He was in the Kiwanis Club, was a leader in the March of Dimes campaign and other charity drives, and in his entire life he had never felt more relaxed and free. He was 360 miles from Tucson, was remote from New York in every way. The calls and visits to his father were becoming less frequent, and he was expected, his father said, to be a relatively easy life of his own at that time, was very understanding.

In Tucson, where the elder Bonanno listed his occupation as that of a retired cotton broker, he went unchallenged. The limited publicity Joseph Bonanno had received during Senator Edwards' investigation of organized crime was now forgotten, and he was considered socially acceptable by nearly everyone in town. He lived in a comfortable, comfortable home on East Elm Street, where he often entertained politicians, priests, and business investors who sought his financial support. He was often seen without through the business district, wearing Western suits and a cowboy hat, being placed with everyone he met. His wife participated in civic activities and charities, and she usually attended Mass each morning. Joseph Bonanno was traveling out of state less often, his interests in New York, Wisconsin, and elsewhere had been subsequently hampered by numerous setbacks, and in October of 1957 he found time for a short vacation in Italy, where he revisited old friends and relatives in Castellammare del Golfo, his birthplace.

But shortly after his return to the United States, there occurred an event that suddenly changed the lifestyle and image of the elder Bonanno. He was invited to attend a gathering of the public discussion would discuss the tragedy and social acceptance that the Bonannos had enjoyed, replacing it with rejection and national notoriety. It happened on November 14, 1957, in the sports New York Village of the city, with a police raid on a gathering of some twenty "dignitaries" to a Mafia "summit" meeting held in the home of Joseph Bonanno. The purpose of the summit, according to the later analysis of crime experts, was to discuss pressing problems in the underworld—the tendency of some members to retire, involved in retirement, to acquire the appearance of the law (who seemed it particularly in the grand, partly from fear of long imprisonment, and also because they wanted nothing to do with the erratic Cuban and Puerto Rican gangsters and unsophisticated youths who were running so much of the operation), the unresolved issues following the murder of Albert Anastasi, who had per-

naturally interested upon the Caribbean gambling enterprises that were under the Florida Mafia's domain: the practice of certain dons to induct new members into their "families," despite a national policy opposed to new membership in the interest of maintaining balance between the individual entrepreneurs. There were other risks under discussion, too, but the whole session came to an abrupt end with the arrival of word that the police were closing Barban's house.

Several of the men ran out to their cars, and drove quickly down the road toward the highway, but were intercepted by the police roadblock. Other men failed under the mood, raising their clothes on tree branches and vines, and many managed to escape. But most of them were caught and, while no guns were found, a search of their pockets uncovered about \$300,000 in cash. The men's explanation, that they had visited Barban's home because they had heard he was ill and wished to spend time with him, was accepted in the prison, and although the president conviction of twenty of the men was later reversed by the Court of Appeals, it did guarantee months of highly publicized trials and editorial comment that greatly exposed and embarrassed the race. It also alerted the federal agencies in their efforts to obtain more funds from Caribbean gambling, organized crime, and more cooperation from the courts with regard to the use of wiretapping and bugging.

Among those named by the police as having visited Barban were Joseph Profano and Joseph Margano, Barban's brother, and Joseph Romano. Romo's home had been alone since Flanagan's death, and word of the raid was announced. Bill had gone off for a weekend of deer hunting near Utah, and the news was two days old when he returned to his extensive wife waiting in seclusion. She had received numerous calls from relatives during the weekend, including several urgent messages from the elder Romano, who had somehow slipped out of New York State and was now waiting impatiently in Tucson, unknown to local authorities, for Bill's arrival.

When Bill reached Tucson, Romo's coming, he discovered his father at home sitting in the back-walled patio sipping brandy, a benign expression on his face. As Bill got closer, his father stood, kissed him gruffly on both cheeks. Then the elder Romano made his usual story and began to laugh. The whole idea of the meeting was so stupid, so comically arranged, he said, that it was comical, hilarious. The night of groves now running fearfully in all directions from the barbecue pit as the police closed in was a scene out of baroque. But, he continued, the consequences of the gathering would not be so funny. There would be the sudden public bugging, the band of photographers charging through the corridors, the day, the rhetoric of religion and investigators, the call for reform by politicians, the legal fees and the treason of lawyers, the defilement of the defendants—this spectacle, he said, he wanted to avoid at all cost. And so he planned to leave Tucson for an undisclosed spot in California, and he would keep on the go, meet, see, step ahead of the subpoena servers if possible, until the public clamor had subsided and he knew what was ahead.

Bill could sense without having to be told what this meant for him. He would have to look after his father's interests during his

absence. He would have to look after his mother and the houses and property in Arizona, and would also take a more active role in his father's affairs outside the state. He would do this because he had to and because, in a strange way, he wanted to. It was an interesting discovery, his awareness that he wanted to do it, wanted to become deeply involved in what he knew was precarious. It meant giving up the life in Flanagan's, the respectable conventional life that most Americans led and that he thought he could lead, wanted to lead. But now he was not so sure, doubting that he truly belonged even though he gave the appearance of belonging. He probably did not belong anywhere except at his father's side, or in his father's shadow, because, in spite of his education, he was not really qualified to do anything important in the so-called legitimate world.

He had not studied hard in school, had not concentrated in any one subject, had not gained the reserves necessary for a degree. His attention span had been too short, his eye had perhaps been too large, his father's extensive perhaps too distracting for him to progress normally through the educational system—he did not know, or care. He did not know to what degree the system had failed him, or he fit. Nor did he know what of his father was attributable to his background, and which to his stability or desire to rise above that background.

If he did not learn his father's resources to fall back on, he might be better off, or worse off, depending on one's

point of view. He was confident that he could see a future in his own, although he knew that in the legitimate world he was at a tremendous disadvantage. With his name, with his incomplete education, he would have to start off at the bottom without influential family friends pulling him upward. He would be restricted to menial work in an office, which would have little, or he would work at a marketing salesman, or would punch a time clock in a factory, or perhaps with his pilot's experience he could become a crop duster, but the money was not all that good and the work was probably as tedious as any in his father's world—crop dusters had to fly so slowly and low that when their planes tilted, which was often, they usually hit the ground before regaining power.

But all this reasoning was not the major factor in Bill Romano's decision to commit himself to his father. The main reason was that he loved his father, was part of him, and could not, would not, disassociate himself from his father's life. This was a true value that he could not deny. He was the first time in his life that his father really needed him, and Bill found this both distressing and challenging. He also did not feel that his father's activities, or the activities of any of the men at Apalachicola, were of a grave criminal nature. He was not primarily involved in gambling, which, while illegal, was part of human activity. The serious racket, off-track betting, prostitution, and all other illegal endeavors would go on whether or not there was a Mafia. The mafias were really servants in a hypocritical society. They were the mafias who provided the necessities of pleasure and escape that the public demanded and the law forbade.

If people would obey the law, there would be no Mafia. If the police could root graft, if the judges and politicians were incorruptible, there would be no Mafia because the latter could not exist without the cooperation of the others. Before there was a Mafia in the United States catering to the crime racket, there were other strong men supplying illegal demands and gradually turning their own way out of state. When the Mafia did not in appearance or two, which were the mafias, the mafias would have learned the art of his design and legal subterfuges in large American corporations, the key job in organized crime, which in a kind of lower-class civil service, will be occupied by Latin-American gangsters or klems, the element that has proved most difficult to root out in the criminal justice system, the racketeer trade.

But all the metaphysical speculating by Bill Romano in 1957 did not improve his situation—he was a member of a generation caught in the middle; he had followed his father's course, and now, after Apalachicola, he felt as trapped as any of the men who had been caught by the police. Nevertheless he accepted his fate and, without further deliberation or hesitation, after his father had left for California he disposed of the house in Flanagan's and returned with Romo to Tucson.

As he had anticipated, the life there was suddenly very difficult, not only for himself but also for his wife, his mother, and anyone else who chose to remain friendly. The Tucson newspapers, following the trend of the national press after Apalachicola, expanded its coverage of organized crime, focusing particular attention on the situation, and began a campaign to get him out of town. Bill Romano's presence in Tucson was his reputation as the local support before or after trips to New York were watched by the F.B.I. and reported in the newspapers. The law agents began to investigate his income from the wholesale grocery business he owned in Tucson, and also from the property that he held in his own name or in partnership with his father or other

men. The Catholic parish to which the Romanos had made large contributions in the past had asked Bill if it could lay back the mausoleum he had bought near a statue of Christ in the Holy Hope Cemetery; surely, Bill had agreed, refusing repayment.

His mother continued to attend Mass, but she went only in the very dimly lit morning so as to minimize the embarrassment to herself and other parishioners who might wish to avoid her. Romo's despised Tucson, and became resentful toward Bill because of his insistence on revealing there. She had no friends, and, except for visits to her mother-in-law, there were few places that she could go and feel at ease. In her mind, Romo had to be careful of her reputation on the telephone, could not speak freely in front of the cleaning lady who came occasionally. She could not open check accounts in stores, knowing that her record of spending might be taken against her by the investigators. She had to pay cash for everything, and she could not do so without risking a possible arrest if she was stopped, and requiring that she constantly go to Bill for money.

She was also distressed by the direction her marriage had taken. She had thought that when she moved West after the divorce, she would be free to follow the fortune of anyone that she wanted her elders in Brooklyn. But now she could see how naive she had been, and she felt cheated and deceived. With Bill traveling so often, she became increasingly lonely and even envious of the strong hold that existed between her husband and his mother. In the summer of 1958, she sank deeper into depression and despair as her first child, a daughter, died shortly after birth.

When Romo could not become pregnant again during the next year, she began to doubt her capability for bearing more children, and Bill doubted that they should adopt one. He felt, however, that he could not rely on a regular agency, not with the publicity that he was receiving and his reluctance to respond to the extensive questioning, so, without consulting Romo, he contacted various friends in California and Arizona and asked that they call him should they hear of the availability of a child for adoption. He was successful in Phoenix, who had left her home in Virginia, was about to have a child that she wished to place with a family that would cherish and support him. Bill arranged for her to enter the University of Colorado Medical Center at Denver, where, within a week, he visited her as well, with guests of Scotch-Irish ancestry, and Bill returned with him to Tucson, exhilarated and proud, arriving home at night after Romo had gone to bed. He kissed her and, without a word of explanation, he placed the baby by her side.

They had a daughter, knowing Bill's maternal grandfather Charles Labruno; and although Romo would soon become pregnant with a son who would be called Joseph, and would have two more children during the following two years, she would always be in certain ways closer to Charles than to her father. In spite of the presence of children, which relieved her of much of her loneliness and feeling of unfairness, her relationship with Bill remained in a state of tension during their time in Tucson. She felt incapable of meeting the small town which had abandoned her and she missed her mother and relatives in Brooklyn. She could not understand Bill's attitude toward his mother, and she knew that she had discovered him, and she was relieved when Bill moved East in 1962 to be closer to his father, never expecting what this would lead to.

Now, more than two years later, Bill Romano was returning to Arizona, disgraced and confused by his



Bill Romano in the Arizona desert, about 1958





# The Polish Imposition

by Kenneth Tynan

*"Roman Polanski's aim is quite simply to be invulnerable"*

In January, 1971, halfway through the shooting of *Masters*, they tried to fire Roman Polanski. This was quite ludicrous of them, since he was not only directing the picture, he was also the producer. He had decided in the Spring of 1970 that he wanted to make a movie of Shakespeare's play. Together with a friend named Andrew Braunsberg, he formed a company to produce it; he asked me to write the screenplay with him, which took us not weeks, High Heifer read it and agreed to finance the production. Shooting began in November, 1970, on location in North Wales. Now, barely two months later, came the apocalypse.

Let me explain that it wasn't Heifer or his advisers at Playboy who plotted the coup d'état. The sequence of events was as follows: having agreed on a budget (\$5,000,000) with Playboy, Polanski and Braunsberg sought out what's known as a completion guarantor, whose business it is—in return for a substantial fee—to guarantee delivery of the finished picture to the distributors, and to pay any costs over and above the budgeted figure. These costs would be repaid only after Playboy had completed its commitment. By mid-January, Polanski was already way behind schedule; and the guarantors determined, one cold Wednesday morning, to show their teeth. They exercised their contractual right to replace Polanski and Braunsberg as producers, and their substitute, a producer named Frank Marshall, duly arrived at Shepperton Studios near London with chauffeur-driven car and staff-based secretary. Moreover, they announced that unless Polanski caught up with the schedule by the end of the week—an impossible task—they would take him off the picture altogether.

Marshall in the *Matchless* suit stomped, even in the upper sections. The word on the set was that a director of Monty Python's guinea, recently seen lurking in the commentary, had already been signed to finish the movie. Telephone wires between Shepperton and Chicago pulsed with plans and threats, impositions and excommunications. Everyone lost his last shred of cool. Everyone except Polanski.

On the last working day of what was to have been his last week on the picture, he walked jauntily off the floor for lunch with three desperate colleagues in pursuit, begging him to cut a couple of the remaining crowd scenes, to eliminate the expensive fantasy sequence, to cancel his plan to spend an additional week on location. They failed to let a girl in a blue Nino Cooper go by, and suddenly Polanski was gone, stepping sideways at amazing speed, sprinting in at the driver's seat, gunning and waving and shouting: "Listen, what's your name? You're beautiful!" On the way back to London that evening, he told Andrew Braunsberg, who knew him well enough to need no telling, that not only was he

not going to cut a single shot out of the script, he was not going to cut an adjective or even a semicolon. He intended to shoot the picture at his own speed, because he didn't know any other. Very late that night he talked to Heifer in Chicago, marshaling his arguments with Napoleonic skill. Within twenty minutes he had obtained a budget increase large enough to pay for the extended schedule and to buy out the completion guarantors. Everyone breathed again, except Polanski, who had not stopped breathing for an instant. Next day I asked him how he had managed to be so speedily unconcerned. "I tell you," he said. "The same thing happened to me in 1968, when I was in Hollywood making *Rosemary's Baby*. Paramount wanted to fire me because I was going over budget. I was walking across the lot feeling pretty drastic. Then Otto Preminger came up to me and asked what was the matter, I told him, and he put his arms around my shoulder and said 'Look—directors get fired when their duties are heavy. They get fired when some big star doesn't like them. But nobody ever got fired for going over budget. So go eat your beret—it peaks.' And I choked up, and you know, he was right!"

Nobody is harder to face than this rookery Polish genius. He enters himself against showing anything that might be construed as weakness. He probably feels—to suppress Lord Acton's famous remark—that all weakness corrupts, and absolute weakness corrupts absolutely. And what else would you expect? When he was a child in Poland (he is now thirty-eight), both his parents were taken to concentration camps. His mother died in Auschwitz. From then until the grotesque and ferocious night that robbed him of his wife in the Summer of 1969, life has subjected him and insisted him to be a casual survival kit. His aim is quite simply to be invulnerable, physically as well as psychologically—not the easiest of tasks. If you are only a few inches over five feet tall, and set on a schedule calculated to inspire universal affection (He has been described by an *Illustrated* as "the original five-foot Pole who wouldn't touch anyone with"), he has the necessary fitness of a barrel man, and he holds himself with the compact, aggressive tension of a cresson. With either leg extended in front of him, he can do fifty full knee-bends on the other, and his stomach is like an iron shield. Tens of strength have an unending appeal for him. As he arrived at Shepperton one morning, a member of the crew pointed stolidly at a little construction that he and his colleagues had set up. It consisted of a piece of wood—two inches thick and six inches square—resting like a hotel on two up-ended bricks. Polanski surveyed it for a moment and then, standing aside, it, stroked his first leg, propped sharply downward. The wood split down the middle. He shrugged mock-basely and passed on.



Photographed by Janet Whitton/Photomontage by Max Kuper



# The Greenes of Berkhamsted

by Graham Greene

*The beginnings of a sort of life*

I had known it, the whole future must have lain all the time about those Berkhamsted streets. The High Street was wide as many a market square, but its broad dignity was shrouded after the Great War by the New Cinema under a gross Mariah drama, tiny enough but it seemed to us then the height of pretentious luxury and deluge taste. My father, who was by that time headmaster of Berkhamsted School, once allowed his senior boys to go there for a special performance of the first Turpin movie, under the false impression that it was an educational film of anthropological interest, and ever after he regarded the cinema with a sense of distillation and suspicion. The High Street contained at "our end" a half-timbered Tudor photographer's shop (from the windows the faces of the boys looked out in wedding groups, bouquets and beamed like prize cows) and the great forty Norman church where the helmet of some old Duke of Cornwall hung unmarked on a pillar like a better hat in a hall. Below lay the Grand Junction canal with slow-moving painted barges and remote gypsy children, the watercourses beds, the kilnholes of the old castle surrounded by a dry mud flat of raw parley (it had been built, so they said, by Chaucer, one in the reign of King Henry III it was besieged successfully by the French), the first, agreeable smell of coal dust blew up from the railway, and everywhere were those carcase individual Berkhamsted faces which I feel I could recognise now anywhere in the world: painted faces like the leaves on playing cards, with a smudge about the eyes, an unsuccessful cunning.

And then there remains to be set reluctantly on my personal map the School—part easy Tudor, part hideous modern brick the rules of delusion glider home, where the mastery of life started, and the burial ground, long drained, which lay opposite our windows, separated from our flower beds by an invisible line, so that every year the graves would turn up a few signs of barren bone in mowing the herbaceous border. Further off to the north, on the green system of a map empty as Africa, lay the wastes of pines and bracken of the great Commons which extended to Ashridge Park, and to the south the small Brighthelm Common and the park of Ashburn, where I once saw a Jackson-the-green covered with spring leaves, dancing convulsively among his attendants like the devil I cut later in Liberia.

Everything we saw to become must have been there, far better or worse: one's future might have been prophesied from the shape of the houses as from the lines of the head; one's evasions and doubts took their form from those other six faces and from the hiding places in the garden, on the Common, in the hedgerows. There is Berk-

hamsted was the first mold of which the shape was to be endlessly reproduced. For twenty years it was to be almost the only source of happiness, misery, first love, the attempt to write, and I feel it would be strange if, through the workings of coincidence, through the unconscious sources of action, through folly or wisdom, I were not brought back to its there in the place where everything was born.

At the far end of the long High Street was the village of Northchurch and an old inn, the Crooked Billet. The name, perhaps because of some event which had happened there and left an ambiguous impression in my mind from veiled adult conversation, always told for me a sinister ring (in this inn I was sure travelers had been done to death), and then gave the whole Northchurch village an atmosphere of being outside the pale: a place of danger where misdeeds might easily become reality. We were never taken there for walks, though this could well have had a natural explanation, for why should any name endure the two-side bridge along the High Street, past the town hall, past the new King's Road, up and down which the omnibuses streamed twice a day to the station, with their little shabby cases, past Mrs. Page's toy shop where the children were once wont to linger, past the smaller stained-glass windows of the dentist, along the market garden, with everywhere that odd gritty smell blowing up from the coal yards and the coal barges?

There was another walk to which we never took when we were in charge of our odd cretaceous nurse or the nannanand, and that was the walk along the towing path by the canal. If a sinister atmosphere lay in my mind around the Crooked Billet, a sense of immediate danger was conveyed by the canal—the menace of mauling words from strange brutal canal wallabies with blackened faces like sinners, with their grumpy wives and ragged children, at the sight of middle-class children carefully dressed and shepherdled, and the danger too, as I believed, of death from drowning. The *Berkhamsted Gazette* and *Press* *Herald* *Observer* periodically printed the reports of accidents on those found drowned in the canal. The casualties among the barge children were reported to be high, and the story that anyone who fell into a lock was beyond rescue was not contradicted in our imagination by the life belt which hung on the wall of each lockhouse, I recall to this day poor fern into a lock, down the stair wet walls, without a sense of trepidation, and many of my early dreams were of death by drowning, of being drawn magnetically toward the water's edge. (No wrong did those dreams become in my adolescent years that they affected my waking life, and the margin of a pond or a river would attract my feet,





ALL ORIGINAL  
ART RETURNED  
TO ART KANG  
11/174

## A technical dilemma

In *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the computer HAL, having decided that it is smarter than any human, attempted a mechanised mutiny aimed at wresting control from Man. Now a new science-fiction movie is being made about the future, but this time Man turns the tables. Human Beings reassert themselves. They infiltrate and take over

the machines! Unfortunately this heartwarming human victory takes place out of sight of the camera.

Douglas Trumbull, the man who devised the special effects for *2001*, is directing the new film. He wanted to show computerized robots (called "drones") doing man's work for him, but he had one problem: there are no such robots. Not yet. But with a machine-replaces-man-replaces-machine trick, Trumbull created the robots he wanted, designing them small so that the film's star, Bruce Dern (above and at left), towers over them. Trumbull decided that someone would have to be inside each machine to "act" as robot, but the drones were too small for normal-sized men.

At about this time Trumbull met George McCart, who had lost his legs in Vietnam. McCart, shown opposite, had too large a torso to fit inside a drone, but Trumbull hired him as a consultant to help recruit and work with amputee actors. The men who actually run the drones are Steve Brown, fifteen, who lost his legs while trying to jump a freight train two years ago, Larry Whisenhunt, sixteen, and Mark Persons, twenty-two, both of whom were born without legs. Persons has since joined the Screen Actors Guild.

*Top right:* Bruce Dern; *bottom:* George McCart  
*Left:* Bruce Dern and, inside the drone, Steve Brown



Photographed by Art Kane





*Larry Fitzgerald*



*Mark Perdomo*



Larry Weinstein



A Stone

# Harry Truman Chuckles Dryly

by Robert Alan Authur  
...and that's all there is to it



The summer before I started hanging around Harry S. Truman, I'd been in a bad one whenever June night during the first of New York's protestant blockbusts. New Yorkers would soon learn to deal with these periodic misfortunes, resulting from Con Ed's failures, with the opened splendor of veterans, but this being the first, people were a little uneasy. As the mob slowly made its way up-town, weaving through traffic to arrive at major intersections where there were neither lights nor policemen, subway riders poured from the darkened underground to spill detritus into the street. Knots of apartment-house residents gathered in front of Park Avenue high-rise buildings, unable or unwilling to bypass the dead elevator, preferring to stand under canopy among landlords, the power company, and the city. Most to myself than to the dozen, a middle-aged man named Harry Goodthing, I expressed the thought that if the city fell apart from a simple power failure, now hopefully to be averted, what would happen in the event of a real disaster?

What Harry didn't answer I as-

Mr. Truman was the first to understand of Clark Kent with the calmness of never having to change his suit or take off his glasses.

sumed he hadn't heard me, which was just as well, but instead, his address meant he'd been thinking it over.

"You're right," Harry said, finally. "It's just getting to be too big a job for one man."

Now, about six months later, on a very odd morning in late January, 1962, I was on my way by sub to The Carlyle hotel on upper Madison Avenue to join another Harry. With me was my thirteen-year-old son Jonathan, a transient from school this day, because hanging around a former President at the United States Capitol must prove at least as valuable as any single day in school. Certainly more memorable. The Harry we would hang around, Harry S. Truman, at seventy-seven didn't have to fantasize himself in the job, because he'd been there for over seven years—archbushings, and serious press—and would though he was physically he'd been sure that equal to the task. Looking back over the Truman Administrations, from the death of Roosevelt to the end of the war in Europe, the atomic bomb and Japanese surrender, the formation of the United Nations and the birth of the State of Israel, the Truman Doctrine, moving the security of Greece and Turkey, the Marshall Plan and the creation of N.A.T.O. to secure Europe, breaching the Berlin blockade, the Huey case, Joe McCarthy, the de-fenestration of the H-bomb, and, finally, Korea—just to list some high points—now I became aware that at these events, each in itself enough to make the job too big for one man, all of these fond Harry Truman dead could, operating at target size,

making all the wrong decisions, and riding hard over the subsequent results. How, we wonder, did any of us survive, much less Harry Truman?

But here he was, at seventy-seven, exactly nine years a former President, marching up to the front of The Carlyle at eight-thirty on the morning an air cab arrived, flanked by his two closest friends and advisors, David Noyes and Bill Miller, men, pink-cheeked and grinning after his morning walk, smiling to startled passersby who must recognize him and without fail say, "Good morning, Mr. President!", walking delightedly as he leaned into the hotel, his only command to age being the pastor use of a cane.

Curiously, though during his Presidency Mr. Truman was widely cherished, conditioned and misjudged, as a former President he seemed to be universally respected and loved. Never did I see him crack any but the most profound positive reactions from strangers casually met. People responded emotionally to him as a sweetener man, one of those, who'd come through the crises with honor and dignity. Threat by history, as any of us might be (we liked), into the killing arena, he'd stood up to the worst that could be hurled at him and emerged the stronger, cheerfully, a middle-aged couple leaning from the hotel watched him go by after a uneasy exchange of greetings, and the man said to his wife, "I didn't vote for him, but that's a man!" The pride the president expressed, and one saw it so often, was far the best in himself as it was demonstrated reflected in Mr. Truman.

Participant and observer as I was over that winter in my role of prodigy of the projected series of films about the Truman years, I am here to testify that however much Mr.

Truman enjoyed and exploited the stage, one saw nothing of the somber man at the core. The core was flame-baked spring steel, the instincts those of the most cunning single survivor. Mr. Truman was the living embodiment of Clark Kent with the advantage of never having to change his suit or take off his glasses to assume the more admired Superman role.

In the lobby of The Carlyle Mr. Truman shook hands with my son, then to me, saying, "It's nice meeting you, Jonathan," displaying none of the nonchalance or "show me" attitude he reserved for fawning adults, such as Jonathan's father. Kids didn't have to prove themselves with Mr. Truman. Over the months of hanging around, the observer, too, noted Mr. Truman's lack of ease around women, his defense being to ignore their presence completely. That can be quite unsettling to a lady, as in the case of our coordinator, Jane Withers, when Mr. Truman addressed on rare, necessary occasions as "Younger Withers."

"Jane," he said, very attractive woman, once described in print by Nicole Miller as "a girl who dressed in clothes you'd see in next month's Vogue," at first wondered what she was doing wrong, then learned that Mr. Truman was, as they say, nearly perfectly shy. On two occasions when she had to deliver written material to Mr. Truman in his suite at The Carlyle, he opened his door a crack, peered suspiciously at her for a moment, before admitting her into the sitting room, and then very deliberately left the door wide open for as long as she was there. Both times, Jane reported, after Mr. Truman had nervously hesitated her exit, she heard safety bolts snapping closed behind her. A fall from Missouri's never known what kind of badge or passes New Yorkers will still accept.

But with Jane Mr. Truman was totally at ease, conversing as with them as a beloved teacher eager to pass along what he knew.

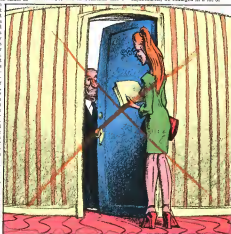
Jane, our coordinator, at first wondered what she was doing wrong, then learned that Mr. Truman was nearly perfectly shy.

and, in fact, most of his time since leaving Washington had been happily spent lecturing as his favorite subject, the history of the American Presidency. After a protracted discussion, he showed the kids to ask questions, honoring the most trivial with the same serious attention as the most probing. Having an instantly overcome his own lonely childhood as a lonely boy, one also removed from brotherly rough-and-tumble (still-living relatives remembered when Jane James came into Independence), weakened, considered awkward, and diverted by his mother to books and music, Mr. Truman had never lost the sense of how it was to be a kid in desperate need of sympathy, and it is inconceivable to think of him ever putting a child down. It's not that he loves children—he may or may not—but he does respect them, and the more modest he is, the more honest, as well as endearing, quality.

We were here at The Carlyle to refine the answers for the Korean hour (see last month's *Kenture* for the painful details of why this was necessary), and as Jonathan and I

went to the messianic banquet room, temporarily converted for our purpose to a film studio, Mr. Truman was taken by Noyes and Miller to his suite for a final briefing and, somewhat ritualistic, in change into his playmaker's suit.

From the start, the occasion here was totally different, meaning better, from the chase started a month earlier at Fort Leavenworth. The problem being just to find Mr. Truman, we had a much smaller crowd, which, when I arrived at eight-forty-five, was not up and ready to go. Two cameras, side by side, were intended to shoot simultaneously a medium shot and close-up of the former President. Merle Miller and Jane Withers had checked our setting against Polaroids of the Leavenworth location to make sure everything matched, since we would be cutting these shots into the earlier film, and at exactly nine o'clock when Mr. Truman entered the room the only problem seemed to be whether he was wearing the same pattern for the five minutes while Mr. Truman sat patiently for minor lighting adjustments, we indulged in a lot of





labeled-camera mauling and Pulitzer prize trying to figure the heckle. Alarby, Mr. Truman asked something wrong and asked why the mauling.

Instantly, your participant emerged from behind the camera and told him we thought perhaps he'd brought the wrong necktie from Independence. He stared placidly with those blue eyes for about ten seconds.

"Does it really matter?" he asked. "Because if while I'm talking about Korea people are asking each other about my necktie it seems to me there is a great deal of trouble." He looked at my assistant for confirmation, and when Jonathan grinned and nodded, Mr. Truman nodded back. Alarby, I told him the necktie mattered not at all, and we were ready to shoot.

"I've been ready for five minutes," he said.

David Byrne had promised that Mr. Truman would be a better focus in New York, removed from his daily chores in Independence, and it was so. Sitting off to the side, Mr. Truman read the speeches (later, of course, we would use the film of the officers at Eisenhower's asking them), and Mr. Truman's answers came back, rich with detail, and with all the authority of the men who'd been there more than seven years before. Filming the answers one by one, with short breaks between, we were astonished to find that except for an occasional technical problem or a rare half an hour when the men we were getting exactly what we wanted on the first take. Two or three times it was Mr. Truman who asked for another try, normal but not better than the previous take. Mr. Truman was relaxed, exchanging down-home-style repartee with the respectful technicians, posing for still pictures with individual crew members, and now and then talking to Jonathan in low, intimate tones.

At one point I rubbed my head and pulled him aside. "What's he saying to you?" I demanded.

"He's telling me how he'd been the President of the United States," Jonathan said.

"But you already know that," I said.

"He's telling me how it was," my kid said, looking astonished broad. Life he needs former Presidents every day.

The very first question put to Mr. Truman had been to ask where he had been when he'd first heard the news of the North Korean attack, and he gave a laconic version of what he'd drilled at me in Independence,

embracing with a discourse on what had gone through his mind between the two Acheson phone calls relating to last-minute aggression of the past and what happens when a man fails to react, for instance, a flake with immediate firm and determination. The participant was delighted with this philosophical framework for the Korean decision, but the observer cynically wondered whether much of this had not been constructed with hindsight as later justification for a purely gut response to "What the hell are we doing, anyway?" One simply wonders.

Mr. Truman's specific reference to Dean Acheson, that the Secretary of State had first called him from the quiet of his Maryland home at ten-thirty Saturday night for the next day from the turmoil of the State Department, gave us exactly the kind of material we needed to justify going at a future date to Mr. Acheson and sounding him side of the narrative. I don't think Mr. Truman did the moment, because one of the treasured by-products of hanging around a former President is that you get to meet and also hang around a man as impressive as Dean Acheson. Looking back now from the vantage of 1991, after despairing, one realizes these were the actual men who got us into all this. What if they were wrong?

Jonathan said. Three weeks after our day at the Carlyle we would spend a week in Washington. Seeing Mr. Acheson, as well as others who'd been key figures in the stop-by-stop development of the decision. Ambassador Edwin M. Dickinson, second at the moment of the attack, whose call with the dread of not totally unexpected news had come to Ambassador Mifflin B. Dickinson in Washington, responsible for him between the State Department and the United Nations. It had been Dickinson who had alerted Acheson because George Marshall had asked, we found Omar Bradley to fill in the military and Defense Department details. Bradley had been in the middle of all of the events.

I met met Mr. Acheson in his Dickinson law office on a preliminary trip to Washington to set up the interviews. A first impression of Dean Acheson: imagine a rich, tweedy English lord whom you, a desperate, starving orphan, have just discovered with indispensible evidence in your line-but father. Somehow you make your way in through to England, then, breakfast, you walk to the old manor in Cornwall. Walking



The observer will surely be puzzled for his contemplation of a possible market for an R2 D2, which would sound up sounds making potential problems. But that is to ignore without the reality of Mr. Truman

is unassisted, brainwashing your proof, you three upon your arm, crying, "Look! You are then from by servants up into the show."

The second impression is that as Mr. Acheson has you hang into the scene he will calmly and logically convince you he is justified. You will accept his logic.

At the first meeting the former Secretary of State was asked and hostile, declaring he'd have nothing to do with us on the basis that David Siskind, whose company was underwriting the scene, had in Mr. Acheson's words, "almost started World War III with that insane Khrushchev interview." (That was one for David, how later letters for Dean Acheson?) I tried to bypass the initial anti-bureaucratic, but that day Mr. Acheson remained unconvinced, and I was sent, if not hung, out into the snow. Within twenty-four hours his decision was reversed. In the interim I had called David Byrne in California, who called Mr. Truman in Independence, who called Mr. Acheson in Washington. Consequently, Mr. Acheson phoned personally to tell me with undisputed warmth that because Mr. Truman had said what he would be delighted to sit for the interview. It was obvious then, later developed in specific detail on film, that Mr. Acheson regarded Mr. Truman with nothing but unreserved admiration and respect.

It must be recalled that in Washington later political infighting had been a by-product of our Korean intervention, the major chasm from the Republicans right, postwar's Chas. Lodge, today's superlative. Anti-Truman forces initially found their

suspicion in Mr. Acheson, laying much of the blame for the North Korean attack directly onto the Secretary of State. Politicians, never totally devoted to fact, and against Mr. Acheson his speech to the National Press Club on January 12, 1950 (the incursion coming six months later), when, it was claimed, he had encouraged an attack by stating that the United States' first-line defense perimeter did not include Korea. In truth, he did say that, in a very long speech in which, however, he also said, "No person can guarantee these areas against military attack . . . Should such an attack occur . . . the initial reliance must be on the people attacked to resist it and their own organizations of the entire civil world under the charter of the United Nations."

One can search the newspaper records of the time to vote for Republican infidelity to these latter observations, but the fact is that Mr. Truman was not only a great man but a great President as well, moving him against Mr. Acheson's low standards, then incumbent President John F. Kennedy, and gently feeling the latter

Mr. Truman staunchly defended his Secretary of State, that it was not a resolution was introduced into the Congress proposing to cut off Mr. Acheson's salary. It may still be in existence.

When we found Mr. Acheson in a large office room at River House, the same room where so many of the Korean meetings were held, and as he, without reference to notes, spoke correctly of events almost twelve years past, it became apparent how his benign, friendly superior air, his laser-sharp intellect, his total grasp of facts minutely and easily related to their historic context, might drive your average red-neck politician to unsteady rage. Mr. Acheson is superior!

The "little-man" image of Harry S. Truman continually fades in the face of our experience while hanging around him in Dean Acheson, on film, years after their professional relationship had ended, rising unexpectedly that Mr. Truman was not only a great man but a great President as well, moving him against Mr. Acheson's low standards, then incumbent President John F. Kennedy, and gently feeling the latter

looking in comparison. It became clear that Mr. Truman and Mr. Acheson had operated on a plane far beyond the grasp of most of their contemporaries, and within their orbit Mr. Acheson felt privileged to assume a lesser role. One must conclude that says more about President Truman than it does about his Secretary of State.

It's possible that retrospective histories of 1951 can find in the Truman years all the seeds of today's terrible life and dangers. It has been said that Mr. Truman reversed the Roosevelt philosophy of tolerant accommodation toward the Communist world, setting as a hard-line, anti-Communist, military strategy, resulting in hot and cold wars, a trillion dollars spent on armaments, and a removal of privileges that has virtually plundered and wrecked our planet. Yes, his charge can be made, if not entirely, and in all of it Mr. Acheson concurred.

But in 1952, as I sat behind a camera in River House asking Mr. Acheson questions relating to the Korean decision, I surely had no ink on contemporary

speculation, however, was a look into the "back" story of history, and those historians who subscribe to "back" as a primary, overriding force need look no further than Korea to find fertile ground. Running through the entire initial crisis, from the moment on September 24, when news of the attack was received, to Tuesday afternoon, June 22, when the resolution of support was moved in the United Nations, the single question haunting the men driving to receive Mr. Truman's order of Sunday, expanded to accomplish the goal of stopping the "non-alibi" under the United Nations charter, was what would be the actions of the Soviet Union?

Continued on page 124

"When I got off my plane," Mr. Truman told us, "there he was with that damned hat on his head, he didn't have a tie, and his shirt was unbuttoned. Later he kept the President waiting forty minutes. No one should look disrespect for his Commander-in-Chief!"



## LIFE WITH FATHER

(Continued from page 115) seemed strangely incongruous coming from a man who could have passed as an English bank clerk. He took a long deep drag on a Flaper's medium cigarette and I noticed that his fingers were stained a very an English dark nicotine color.

In the plane, Bill opened the window and immediately saw I sat beside him still reading my over-printed course notes. We were airborne and he said, "Hey, Max, look out the window!" I looked, seeing nothing but clouds, and turned back to my story; some woman had just gotten a robot body in a future hospital. "What're you reading?" he says. I told him, and he said, "Ever see fiction? Max, look at those cloud formations, that's really science fiction!" Suggested and enthralled, this vague clerk, now returned to window.

Maroon customs officials were bored and indifferent. "I was would imagine anything like Mamoo?" and waved us past their desks into a tiny narrow hallway, then driven by a stunted old hunchback who wore the daylight out of his Tanager at the back of his head, no traffic lights at all, and the narrow, crowded, cluttered through the streets, playing a game of chicken that every time we would avoid a hairbreadth squeal, my father would utter a word of appreciation like a calm, bright, almost "Buenos," even though the license plates were blue.

But finally we pulled up to the curb by the Parade Line. Just off the European section and out of nowhere, one of the people who shared my house on the Maribou appeared to shake my hand. It was James. "James, this is my son."

An uncomfortable attempt at fatherly pride and then we were in the bar and I was smart, being noticed by an aging lady. "I know I'm old, but I really aren't!" I said, just my figure dear. You know, half the old Tupperware knew you were coming and wondered what you looked like. Well baby! I guess if you ever want to be blessed!" I was a little nervous, but I told her all I ever knew to do: to get lost, know I looked really fine, and let me know if I had any books, like having something the poor child will see the light, as he said off the stool carrying my thigh "Barbaric capitalist," I thought, and I mean to say the old lady was definitely not my true.

After something to eat and a small glass of rum (the Parade is the only place in Tangier where you can get a decent hamburger. "You aren't used to it," he brags from Asmoud), says Jassou later, we took another kamishien out to the Marabout. Most of the Tangians seldom speak French and my father's French is abominable. He has a very respectable working vocabulary but his accent is enough to infuriate a cat. When we got to the number of our house on Oule Larache, he went to say "In" but it came out Southern Texas style, "andee." The driver understood

ally did not understand and drove on. He was told "REVERSE" GOUDAMN IT! REVERSE!" His tons of "sage" got through and the driver looked up to "sage."

lander total disorganization. Bill had known I was coming but he had to search the house to find a place for me to sleep. With a flashlight he saw something had happened to the electricity. "Wait for John," he said, another tenant, who came home later and fixed it by going outside and strling a power pole with a hammer.

I didn't sleep well that night. I beg you to remember that the last time I had slept was in Palm Beach on a mahogany dragon bed from the seventeenth century. And now here I lay listening to strange sounds and Arabic mutterings outside the window.

But I still nonetheless and awake the next morning to find John, sitting on my bed looking at me like a loving mother. We talked for a few minutes and then he took my hand gently, ever so gently, and tried to draw it to his groin. But his attempt was premature and I pulled away. He didn't believe it so he sat on the bed and I sat on the floor. He said I still work in the Puruch though, and we were all friends that evening as he, my father and Jessica lit up their pipes. Very long pipes with clay bowls. I was curious about their contents . . . "KID!" I remembered the word from Nukunuk and asked if I could try it out. "All in good time, Billy," said John. But the next morning I was up at 5:00 and Bill said, "John, take Billy down the Grande Roca and Billy has, pick out a pipe."

That night, I took my first steps on the cobblestoned sidewalk back. Problem is that in Moscow so many people smoke dope it has become a social thing. They mix it with a vodka and soon tolerance that makes Goddard taste like ambrosia expires. "Goddard," I thought, "This is worse than whiskey." But as it happened, my father had some pretty little hashish candles on hand, of which I consumed quite a number not knowing what they were, and then dipped into a Mason jar of homemade macaroni, which is great food to eat and will stave you out the middle of next week my friend.

On the subject for a moment, major can be dangerous if prepared properly. I understand that about a month before I arrived in Yangon, Granger, Coe and I were taken to a party at the Dill. John and Ferns had all got together after a few drinks and rather drunkenly decided to consume a lot of major. In James' words, they were "soaked in it." I don't know what they meant by that, but I think it was a lot of the tobacco/alcohol variety. When he got back he just went ahead and cooked it all up, complete with rice and honey. After a fairly good and rather long session, Granger and I went to the bathroom immediately adjacent to the bathroom to wash up the entire dose. Everyone else followed suit except Mr. Coe, who stayed behind and apparently did something wrong with the dose or he couldn't handle it, if there was no about an hour later he quietly came

himself from the room and rushes back in, relayed as a charging rhinoceros, flailing at James and shrieking, "Polis-dre! Polis-dre!" He chased him out of the house and all the way to the Medina before he calmed down, a distance of some two and a half miles, but never caught him because he had to stop every few minutes to sneeze.

You will hear people say that one never gets stained the first time but I was so far gone that I couldn't even remember the coast. Only visions of the entire course of human history, from the apes-on, all scenes on the hostile places on through the Blessed Virgin and plunging into the abyss of technology. After two million years, John realized me greatly and said that he'd like to go to sleep. "Oh! Sure man," I said, and went downstairs to sleep very well.

Back drawn under the influence of cerphine. I see two rained buildings; their backs blown away, naked gardens grope in a smoking terrific sky. On the tenth floor of each building, leaning out the window, is a pale man with a sheet of metal. They are playing a dreadful and ironic game of Ping-Pong with something dark and radioactive, perhaps a human head. Below them, as if

the system can be, is a multitude of people on their knees, some with flaming hair. They seek from side to side following the Indivisible Object and those finding success with the reaching of the hand are rewarded with a small amount of grain and rags as trophies. Banners in the background say I have the feeling THAT THE MAN WHO MASSES THE OBJECT MUST LOSE, and we matter who knows all the people life. . . James started me from the drawer with a book of concerns on the face. When I told him what I had seen, he went and told Bill about it. Bill was at work, and when James was through I stopped trying long enough to say "I was just kidding." Looking at the other reversed banners

Our boat in the Marabou was very fine. Two stowies and consumed by mosquitos. My father's room was antiseptic so the least spotlessly clean with a semi-type bunk and a cabinet and that was all besides an incredibly beautiful painting of a Marabou. I was very much impressed by the Marabou. I might mention that Mr. Green learned the calypso method as applied to wood, or at least he was one of the first to take it seriously. The calypso method enables the writer to achieve the same effect as the artist can with picture montage. The effect can be and often is shocking to the receptive reader because words are used in a manner that is almost musical and in such a way that pictures are made. I would remember fully that my father had on his back a number. It was a

sonology by Guyon Gyron and consisted of one phrase: "I come to free the words," repeated over and over in different order. That is, "The words are free, to come, I come free to the words. The free come to the words." And while the words were repeated, the speed of the tape was increased gradually until it became a supersonic whine.

But because of the rhythm, and after the customary laughter stage, some part of the listener would keep pace until I was virtually unperceived. To where, I don't know, or cannot say.

There was also an engine box in the upstairs hall in which my father was set for hours at a time smoking his pipe, then back out and attack his typewriter without fair warning. If typewriters could think, Bill's would instantly sympathize with the story of Paul Kaelo.

my passion to be a singer, and I was  
with the band. I was a singer, a  
singing and whatnot. I made the most  
out of going to the roof during the day  
and the Avenue 36th floor of my  
at an hour for the next hour. But I  
would be on the roof every night  
watch the colors in the sky as they  
were starting to set. I was  
standing in the middle of the  
out of my breath, and would be  
breathtaking in his favorite spot. There  
food and absolutely delicious, my  
hand holding the perpetual cigarette  
tip pointing to the sun and himself sit  
ring: just to sleep it when it burned  
down. It was a damn, a damn, a  
night song, the sudden rush to  
treasure.

I tell you one thing though, in an everyday life that house had an appeal. The French of Goldstone households are more than just a name. They are the mum part of towns with a village and a married kitchen intact, offering a refuge to my own and planning the lives of the town. But it was not at the door by the extra population. Remember the day you left over and I was my room to start up my angry place. Apple. One day I saw the better place, home, start and growed as my own to make a soup which he cooked for to eat. I was not a man, but a man of paper that the staff went down in whisky. But he was as good as the finished product that any village, including myself, was instantly growing up. I was not a man, but a man of paper that the staff went down in whisky. But he was as good as the finished product that any village, including myself, was instantly growing up. I was not a man, but a man of paper that the staff went down in whisky. But he was as good as the finished product that any village, including myself, was instantly growing up.

There was a cello on a stiff necked tin  
Bawling Hey that John took me to a  
first time. Smells of butter, kif, an  
mint tea. Beautiful music. The violins  
and cello-legend and played his rock  
upright before him like a cello. As a  
cannon it some European existential  
type happens whispered amongst their  
selves. They looked as if they had  
seen daylight for years and were  
dressed entirely in black. They all had  
dark hair, smudged skin and blue  
eyes under their eyes.

The dancers wore long robes and took inter-take affairs with twirling around his hips, and did swirling motions with trays of water-filled glasses or with lit candles which he somehow managed not to extinguish.

the suspense and dart into a straw house, there to continue clapping as dancing and laughing and smiling and otherwise dropped. Pick ourselves up, drowsy and weak in the balcony, catch the key whirling out the open leaves in a hurry on his way to deliver to the shops. Buy a huge round loaf too hot to handle without wrapping it in a cloth and stop before home for a pound of fresh butter from a dairy out at the neighborhood 7-13.

[illegible]

So I went home, went to school and while I wait there Wade died on a winter day. From that time on, Laura's eyes began to go and, after I graduated, I play the guitar for her in the main window of our home on Stanford Avenue "7410," she'd say, "sometimes I think that Wade is right here and I can almost talk to him."

After a year of confusion, looking for adventures, and wandering in New York, I returned home with a broken heart, a heart glighted with use and medicine, but as needed only in getting behind bars on drug charges, developing a rampant case of paranoia and having five months later in a reconstructed shackle (Hank in Palm Beach, broke again)

Henry's daughters and Dodge Maki-  
tuck was William Cunningham Jr. He  
was at New York Hunt where the first  
don't see simply rises with the charge,  
was to be made an example of and a  
father flew over from London to see  
me out of prison.

to such other [sic] immediately took me to task, teaching me the proper means of dealing with the authorities. Throughout the court proceedings I followed his example of immovable determination to the minute, and speaking only when spoken to. If your timing is right, waiting seems an unnecessary but if you miss some relax to one.

Be assertive but not impudent. Above all, there is no such thing as a free ride. "Whether that's true or not, believe it or not, and you'll save yourself a lot of grief."

My father, however, takes a much more relaxed attitude toward the Internet and, often, delight in the grunge and leisure. For almost a week during the trial he and I spent time together, and he was able to tell me more about the FBI and its operations. He was especially interested in the FBI's operations in the field, and he was particularly interested in the FBI's operations in the field, and he was particularly interested in the FBI's operations in the field.

What the hell. We worked out my seating. I was to go to the Federal Hall, which contains the Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, and pulled a heavy four piece protein thereafter. Bill charged me into going by telling me about their reduction rate. "What do they give you man?" I asked. "Reduced amounts of morphine," he said. "The first one will probably knock you on your ass." It didn't work out that way. All they give me is reduced oral methadone, which is definitely

Now I've been in and out of numbers of drug-abuse-rehabilitation centers, some times out of clinical curiosity and some times out of necessity, and I can say that the Federal Narcotics Hospital in Lexington, Kentucky, is the most successful such establishment. On its own standards I think I have ever seen. When I was there, I was like before I was, accompanied with a conscience that I needed. Two cartoons of cigarettes the first, written on the buses, they stole the from the left. Why, I met people there who mean to straighten. For obvious legal reasons, and left justice.

I was a nervous little boy on my father's spring. "Get me the ball outta here," I'd say, and he'd throw it. I'd be the one to take a role well worked out earlier because all letters are composed. The few are given I received and from the line "Black it up." I didn't like that much but though there were other legal possibilities, that was the country's first choice and Bill surely knew what he was doing.

I went from there to a "Residential Treatment Center for Children with Severe Emotional Disorders" in Orange City, Florida. Sometime in the first few months I was there Laura finally was around the bend. She called the school.

(Continued on page 14)

# FOR THE DEATH OF VINCE LOMBARDI

by James Dickey

I never played for you. You'd have thrown  
Me off the team on my first day—  
No guts, maybe—was enough speed,  
You running in my mind.  
As Paul Hornung, I made it here:  
Walk the others, spazzing down railroad tracks  
Handling books and backpack cyclone  
Flowers, through my shirt and, to stand, at last, around you,  
Exhausted, evoked, pale  
As though you'd said? "Not going," pale  
As a hospital wall. You are holding on  
Millions together: those who played for you,  
And those who missed the bodies  
Of Bart Starr, Donny Anderson, Ray Mitchell, Jerry Kramer  
Through the screaming pain on Sunday afternoon,  
Wrens, playing graciously  
In the snow of Green Bay Stadium: sent of in drink  
On snow-covered beer: some old, some in ether  
Hospital: more, middle-aged  
And at home: Have you someone so, lying under  
The surgical snow: Coach, look up, we are here!  
We are held in this room  
Like cancer.  
The Coach has you, and in his  
And so on you whisper  
Dime, Dime: Jerry Kramer's face from time—red, pale—  
He's others: dime ourselves  
Around you, and far away in the mountains, driving hard  
Through the drifts, Marshall of the Vikings, plunging, leaping  
Twenty-dollar bills in any alive, any still  
Alive, "I wouldn't be here."  
It is winter's (in the lesson of football) "Vince" they've told us  
When the surgeons got themselves  
Together and cut loose  
Two feet of your large intestine,  
The Coach whined up, whined out  
Of the hot gas and caught you again  
Higher up: Esophageal helplessness  
But cancer: Around your bed  
The kneecaps on both knees had gettable  
Kissed down sides of adhesive tape from hands and ankles  
Weirde in the room like vines—pallid of sweat  
Blaze in buckets

In the corner—the blue and yellow of brooms  
Make one your master around you. No one understands you  
Coach, don't you know that some of us were raised  
For life? Everybody goes away: What of almost all  
Of us, Vince? We live.  
And one proves: one was that we could not survive  
Football, Paul Hornung has withdrawn  
From me, and I am middle-aged and gray like these others  
What holds us here?  
It is that you are doing by the code you made us  
What we are by? Yes, Coach, it is true; love here stronger  
Than either love or hate. Into the work, the merriment dance  
Of speed, deception, and pain  
You led us, and brought us into weeping  
But in me, O, you who trained us in George  
Patterson's arena: did you discover the worst  
In us: aggression: meanness: discipline: delight in going  
Pain in others for money? Did you make of us, indeed,  
Figures—overcomplicated, brutal ghosts  
Who could love here and  
Men (is a better word)? Have you driven us mad  
Over nothing? Does your death sit on us here?

You late. We stand here among  
Boarded TV commercials  
Among beer cans and meat blades and hair tonic bottles,  
Smoking with male dreadlocks, we stand here  
Among rock and filthy men  
Of smeared caps, noxious scuffles, contrived, champagne  
Blind with throat waxes,  
Unwilling slaves, bloody hair guards,  
And the Coach, in his new, high position  
Works mindfully. In dying  
You gave us no choice, Coach,  
Edie: We've got to believe there's much a thing  
As winning. The Sunday spent across  
Comes on: the house colors brighten: deepen  
On the wall: the last coach upon, still here  
Of a linebacker's aging head: knee cartilage cracks,  
A boy wags his face in a red jersey and cranes of color  
A rosy looks to me, and waxes with you  
We're with you all the way  
You're going forever: Vince

Illustrated by Jean Paul Gaudre





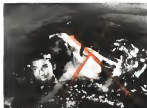
# KING KONG WAS A DIRTY OLD MAN

During the last few years, our illusion has been going the way of clay people on a firing range. We have been told that the queer shows were rigged; that God is dead; that breakfast cereals are not nutritious; that Presidents do not always tell the truth. And now it turns out that even lovable King Kong, who, according to the buttons, died for our sins, had hidden weaknesses, too. He was, for instance, a crusher. The Madonna King has been suppressed all this time out of fear that the giant ape would corrupt the nation's morals. Monkey see, monkey do, you know.

In 1933, when Merian C. Cooper's *King Kong* appeared, the Hays Office held Hollywood locked in the giant paw of its own prudish censorship. At one point, The Office even went as far as to order Walt Disney to erase its sadder from one of his animated crows. King Kong, being of the opposite gender, presented a slightly different problem, but the censors solved it in much the same way: they took account

in hand and emasculated the world's largest monkey. They only cut out about five minutes of film but they allowed Kong utterly. Sexp. Gone was the ape who attempted to peel Fay Wray like a long-legged, platinum-blondie banana (sequence 1, below). Sexp. Gone was the monster who crushed natives underfoot (sequence 2). Sexp. Gone was the beast who hauled women out of their beds and pinned them to their death twenty stories below (sequence 3). Sexp. Gone was the giant who—let's be fair—squeezed the blood of an American.

Unwittingly, the censors had done what Cooper had tried to say as man could do: they had castrated King Kong. The censors' eyes were based like several spectrometers to pick up anything off color, and yet occasionally say eye must blink. Halfway through the movie, Fay Wray, who gave up long long before Germaine Greer, falls overboard and her breast is momentarily exposed as she struggles in the water



(see picture at left). But the censors, like almost everyone else, failed to notice her monkey (obviously, for remember what happened to the Disney cow in a similar situation). King Kong stripping Miss Wray was cut from the movie but her own spontaneous overbreeding of her garments remained as a treat for the quick-eyed voyeur.

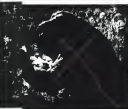
James Flinn traveled four years in their search for the censored scenes. They tried Europe first where the most Kong had been shown from the beginning without any perceptible hinting of the decline in commercial morals, but no European print could be located. And then, as happens only in the never-ending stories for children, James found what they were looking for in their own backyard: namely Pennsylvania. A collector in that state who owned the censored footage heard that James was trying to assemble an uncut version of King Kong. He agreed to sell two five minutes of sex and violence and these were spliced back into the movie which James and HBO are now re-releasing. Well come back, Kong, you dirty old monkey.



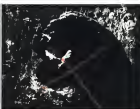
As King Kong grips deli into Fay Wray



... gently tears off her clothes



... shudders shudders down



... sniffs it



Held fast by Kong...



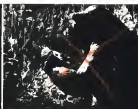
Fay Wray struggles



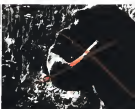
... faints



... struggles again



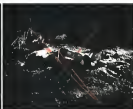
Kong shakes her with telephone pole fingers



Then sniffs fingertips curiously



1. King reaches for wine...



...buries him in the earth...



...attempts kill (finds it tough to keep between toes)...



...after just to reveal fictional victim



2. King reaches into New York skyscraper...



...ambush terrified woman...



...After her spunk dies...



...examines her, discovers she is not Fay Wray...



...buries her in her death



3. King catches train...



...into Ram

# Lips to Lips

by Vladimir Nabokov

*All is vanity, and a very good thing that it is*

The voices were still weeping, performing, it seemed, a hymn of passion and love, but already from and the deeply moved Dolzina were rapidly walking toward the exit. They were loved by the spring night, by the mystery that had tensely stood up between them. Their two hearts were beating as one.

"Give me your classroom ticket," uttered Dolzina (frowned out).

"Please, let me get your hat and notebook," (frowned out).

"Please," uttered Dolzina, "let me get your things." ("and up") inserted between "year" and "things").

Dolzina went up to the classroom, and after producing his little ticket (corrected to "both little tickets")—

Here Ilya Borisovich Tal grew nervous. It was awkward, most awkward, to dawdle there. Just now there had been an ecstatic surge, a sudden blaze of love between the lonely, elderly Dolzina and the stranger who happened to share his box, a girl in black, whereas they decided to escape from the theatre, far, far away from the disheveled and military uniforms. Somewhere beyond the theatre the author daily reassured the Kopechkin or Trushchik Park, he was in bloom, prospective, a starry night. The author was largely impatient to plunge with his hero and heroine into that starry night. Still one had to get one's coat, and that interfered with the glamour. Ilya Borisovich noted what he had written, puffed out his cheeks, stared at the crystal paperweight, and finally made up his mind to sacrifice glamour to realism. This did not prove simple. His leanings were strictly lyrical, decorative of nature, and realism came to him with surprising facility, but on the other hand he had a lot of

trouble with routine items, such as, for instance, the opening and closing of doors, or shaking hands when there were numerous characters in a room, and one person or two persons saluted many people. Furthermore Ilya Borisovich fastened constantly with poems, as for example "She," which had a teasing way of referring not only to the heroine but also to her mother or sister in the same sentence, so that in order to avoid repeating a proper name one was often compelled to put "that lady" or "her sister-in-law," although no interlock was taking place. Writing meant to him an unequal contest with indispensable objects; heavy goods appeared to be much more compliant, but even they rebelled now and then, got stuck, hampered one's freedom of movement—and now, having ponderously familiar with the classroom fuss and being about to present his hero with an elegant case, Ilya Borisovich merrily delighted in the gleam of its rich look, and did not hesitate, also, what chance that valuable article would make, how painfully it would demand notice, when Dolzina, his hands feeling the curves of a supple young body, would be carrying him across a velvet rail.

Dolzina was simply "elderly"; Ilya Borisovich Tal would soon be fifty-five. Dolzina was "colossally wealthy," without precise explanation of his source of income. Ilya Borisovich devoted a company engaged in the installation of bathrooms (that year, incidentally, it had been appointed to paint with enamel tiles the covered walls of several underground stations) and was quite well-to-do. Dolzina lived at 42 Kazan—South Russia, probably—and lived most times long before the Revolution. Ilya Borisovich

lived in Berlin, whither he had migrated with wife and son in 1930. Ilya Borisovich was of long standing, but not big: the slenderness of a local merchant, famous for his liberal political views, in the Kharok Heil (1934), two prose poems, 1940 (August 1944 and March 1947), and one book, consisting of that obituary and of those two prose poems—pretty volume, that landed right in the raging middle of the civil war. Finally, upon reaching Berlin, Ilya Borisovich wrote a little study, *Frederick by Day and Land*, which appeared in a handsome *Chicago* daily published in Chicago; but that newspaper soon vanished like smoke, whilst other periodicals did not reform manuscripts and never discussed rejections. Then followed two years of creative silence: his wife's illness and death, the fatherlessness, a thousand business undertakings. His son finished high school in Berlin and entered Friedrich University. And now, in 1955, at the onset of old age, this prosperous and on the whole very happy person experienced such an attack of writer's itch, such a longing—oh, not for fame, but simply for some warmth and heat in the part of readership—that he resolved to let himself go, write a novel and here it published at his own cost.

Already by the time that Ka propagandist, the heavyhearted, world-weary Dolzina, hesitated to the choice of a new life and (after that almost fatal step at the classroom) escorted his young companion into the April night, the novel had acquired a title: *Lips to Lips*. Dolzina had him more to his list, but nothing had happened yet in the way of knowing, far be it from that she came to his bed of her own accord,



Photographed by Boris Reznicev





# Lo, the Poor Peacock

by F. Scott Fitzgerald

*The other side of paradise*

Miss McCrory put the leather cover over the typewriter. Since it was the last time, Jason came over and helped her take her coat, rather to her embarrassment.

"Mr. Davis, remember of anything comes up that I didn't cover on the memorandum, just you telephone. The letters are off; the files are straight. They'll call for the typewriter on Monday."

"You've been very nice."

"Oh, don't mention it. It's been a pleasure. I'm only sorry—"

Jason mentioned the current stock-brother: "If times pick up—"

A moment after her departure her face reappeared in the doorway.

"Once my love to the little girl. And I hope Mrs. Davis is better."

All men it was lovely in the office. Not because of Miss McCrory's physical appearance, her presence could be intruded on him—because she was gone for good. Putting on his coat Jason looked at the final memorandum—of confirmed nothing that need be done today—or in three days. It was nice to have a closed desk, but he remembered days when business was so active, so pulsating, that he telegraphed instructions from railroad trains, reduplicated from shipboard.

At home he found Jo and two other little girls playing. Gretchen was the living room. Jo was so happy and rapturous, so skittish with the childish amusements of maps and marbles that he decided to wait till after luncheon to introduce the tragedy.

"Pardon."

He took a steel-eyed glance at the little girls still in masquerade, realizing that presently he would have to deflect one balloon of imagination. The child who was playing Mrs. West—to the extent of saying "Come up and see me sometime"—admitted that she had never been permitted to see Mrs. West on the screen, she had been forbidden that privilege when she was fourteen.

Jason had been old enough for the war, he was thirty-eight. He wore a soft-and-peppery mustache; he was of middle height and well-made with in the first ready-made suit he had ever owned.

So came close and demanded in quick French:

"Can I have these girls for lunch?"

"Yes, certainly!"

"Then—"

But she had to be told now. He didn't want to give her bad news in the evening, when she was tired.

After luncheon when the maid had withdrawn, he said: "I want to talk, now, about a serious matter."

At the seriousness of his tone her eyes left a lingering crease.

"It's about school," he said.

"About school?"

He played with his thumb.

"There have been hostile bills and not much business. I've spared out a budget—You know what that is: it's how much you've got, placed against how much you can spend. On clothes and food and education and so forth. Miss McCrory helped me figure it out before the left."

"Has she left?"

"Her mother's been sick and she felt she ought to stay home and take care of her. And now, Jo, the thing that hits the budget hardest is school."

Without quite comprehending what was coming, Jo's face had begun to show the skepticism of her father's.

"It's an expensive school with the extra and all—see of the most expensive day school is the East."

He struggled to his point, with the heart that was coming to her generalizing in his own throat.

"It doesn't seem to me one should let me waste this year."

Still Jo did not quite understand, but there was a hush in the dining room.

"You mean I can't go to school this term?" she asked, finally.

"Oh, you'll go to school. But not Tutinall."

"Then I don't go to Tutinall Monday," she said in a fat voice. "Where will I go?"

"You'll get your second term at public school. They're very good now. Misses never want to anything but a public school."

"Daddy!" Her voice, comprehending at last, was shocked.

"We haven't make a marriage out of a school. After this year you can probably go back and finish at Tutinall—"

"But Daddy! Tutinall's supposed to be the best. And you said this term you were satisfied with my studies—"

"That hasn't anything to do with it. There are three of us, Jo, and we've got to consider all three. We've lost a great deal of money. There simply isn't enough to send you."

"Two advance terms passed the frontier of her eyes, and narrowed the cheeks."

Unable to endure her grief, he spoke on automatically:

"Which is best—send too much and get into debt—or show in my home for a while?"

Still she wept silently. All the way to the hospital where they were dropping their weekly mail she wept unceasingly.

Jason had undoubtedly needed her. For two years the Davis household had lived lavishly in Paris, thence he had journeyed from Stockholm to Istanbul, playing American capital in many enterprises. It had been a magnificent enterprise—while it lasted. They inhabited a fine house on the Avenue Kléber, or else a villa at Reims. There was an English nanny, and then a governess, who he used to do with a sense of her father's surprising power. She was brought up with the same expensive simplicity as the children she played with in the Champagne-Elites. Like them, she accepted the idea that luxury of life was simply a matter of growing up

to it—the right of precedence, long motorcars, speedsters, boxes at opera or ballet. Jo had early got into the habit of secretly giving away most of the surplus of presents with which she was surrounded.

Two years ago the change began. Her mother's health failed, and her father ceased to be any longer a mystery man, just back from Italy with a family of Least dolls for her. But she was young and adjustable and fitted into the life at Tutinall school, not making how much she loved the old life. Jo tried honestly to love the new life too, because she loved them

and people and she was prepared to like the still newer change. But it took a little while because of the fact that she loved, that she was built to love, to love deeply and forever.

When they reached the hospital Jason said:

"Don't tell mother about school. She might notice that it's not you either hard, and make her unhappy. When you get—sort of used to it we'll tell her."

"I won't say anything."

They followed a tiled passage they both knew to an open door.

"Can we come in?"

"Can you?"

Together husband and daughter entered her, almost jointly, from either side of the bed. With a deep quiet, their arms and necks strained together.

Jason Lee's eyes filled with tears.

"Sit down, have chairs, you all Miss Carson, we need another chair."

They had scarcely noticed the nurse's presence.

"Now tell me everything. Have some chocolate. And sit on them. She can't remember what I said and can't sleep."

After that, many and in winter, stang to a gentle cold was spring, stang in summer pale as the whitening of a pines, seldom changed. Only the doctors and Jason knew how ill she was.

"All's well," he said. "We keep her here now."

"How about you, Jo. How's school? Did you pass your exams?"

"Of course, Ma'am."

"Good marks, much better than last year?"

"How about the play?"

"I don't know, Ma'am."

Jason withdrew the subject to "the term," a remnant of a race conscience

property of Anne Lee's.

"I'd said it if we could. I can't see how your mother ever made it pay."

"She did though. Right up to the day of her death."

"It was the marriage. And there doesn't seem to be a market for it any more."

The nurse warned them that time was up. As if to save the precious minutes Anne Lee thrust out a white hand to each.

As they got into the car, Jo asked: "Daddy, what happened to my money?"

"What's what happened to my money?"

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"What's what happened to my money?"

the lack.

"Why do you like to stop at this station, Daddy? Beside that ugly old chimney over there?"

"That's not a chimney. Don't you know what it is? During the Revolution they had to dress down to make the bullets fire at the British. This is a historical monument."

"... They remained the corner of the Confederacy dead. Jo spoke again suddenly:

"Americans have a hard time, don't they, Daddy? Always fights about nothing."

"Oh well, we're a fighting race. That's what brought us here in the first place."

"But it's not happy—like in Europe."

"They have their troubles. Another you were just a child and all children."

And he added as they stepped in front of their house: "What of it?"

"Money has been trouble, and you lost your money, and—"

"For heaven's sake don't get sorry for yourself!" he said gruffly. "That's quite enough."

Good. We have a nice home, at least. He felt a pang at knowing that they were going to have to give it up, but he did not want to put too much upon her in one day.

But in the hall Jo was still absorbed in her inner story.

"Daddy, we're like the characters in Little Orphan Annie, only we haven't got a dog that says Arf. It's felt a pang at knowing that they were going to have to give it up, but he did not want to put too much upon her in one day."

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and down her cheeks.

"Hello."

"Hello, darling." He had been waiting for her downstairs, as usual, till she had taken off her coat and hat.

"What's it all about anyhow?"

Fervently she turned to him.

"I won't tell you! You can shake me, Daddy! You can beat me!"

"For God's sake—what's this all about? When did I ever beat you?"

"They wanted to kiss me because I wouldn't say what they wanted."

Jo flung herself into a corner of the big couch and wept into it. He walked around the room, concerned and embarrassed.

"I don't want to know, Jo. Whatever you do is all right with me. I trust you, baby, all the way. I'm not even making any inquiries."

She turned toward eyes up at him.

"You won't? You promise, word of honor?"

"Yes."

"I've got an idea, a real hunch. Unless—or say till I get the Gibraltar account, I have lots of time in the afternoon. Suppose I be your private tutor for awhile. I was pretty good once in Latin and Algebra. For the languages we'll get a reading list from the library."

She sobbed again deep into the big cushion.

"Oh baby! Stop that. We're not defectors, you and me. Take a bath and then we'll get up some dinner."

When she had gone into her room Joan tried to think of something outside herself. Then she remembered that Annie Lee had said in their short quarter hour this morning:

"I can't understand about the farm—"

It was all so simple. There was the swimming—like tablespoons of salt, then more of hickory ash, then the pepper and sage. And of course always the breadstuffs—"

"Hickory ash," Joan had explained. "Tenderloins!"

Stirred by his surprise she lifted herself up in bed, so that he had to ease her gently down again. "Don't tell me Young Seneca isn't using tenderloins, just putting in the tablespoons of hickory ash!"

In the living room of the apartment Joan sat down and wrote Young Seneca.

When Jo came downstairs he said, "Take this over to the post office, will you? It's about the farm."

After examining the address Jo demanded:

"Father—do you mean seriously you've gone to teach me?"

"Am I? You bet! Teach you all I know."

"All right!"

But in the grey dusk he was still beat over the ragged textbook.

"Came," he said over the first text. "It's addressed to the damn Swiss."

He translated.

"In Switzerland they asked the gods and the rain—"

"What Daddy?"

"Wait now. In Switzerland they asked the men and then they asked the gods—That is, difficult now—Latin didn't seem like that in my day."

Joan turned to Jo with exasperation. "Don't they give you sentences to translate? Hello! I got one from my homework teacher—'That means 'quiver,' I think—magnum delivers. That means it all made up very and. Why did you ask me to translate it in the first place?"

"I don't ask you. I know that part. It means the Helvetians who feared neither gods nor men came to great grief because they were restrained on all sides by mountains."

He read again. "Parthianus quid est considerat veritas, and that means a snapshot of two feet," he cried suddenly across the lampshade.

"Yes! You saw that in a footnote."

"I did not," he lied.

"Give me your word of honor!"

"Let's talk about something else."

"You fancy yourself as a teacher."

That was the end of the first night's Latin.

Thinking over the book Jo found her place and read aloud slowly.

"If the government revenue from taxes increased from one billion dollars in 1907 to five hundred billion dollars in 1923, what was the increased percent?"

"Go on," said Jo.

"Go on yourself, Daddy. You're this wonderful mathematician. And try this one!"

"Let me read it myself."

"If the sum of the responses of two consecutive even numbers is five, then the sum of two other consecutive numbers is 11/60. What are the numbers?"

Joan said, "There's always for the X an unknown quantity. You have to have some system—haven't you?"

"Swell system."

"Got to start somewhere!" He bent over it again. "If the government revenue increased from five billions in 1907 to—"

He was temporarily at the end of his resources.

"Derling," he said. "In a week I'll know more about this—"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Time for you to go to bed."

There was a pregnant silence between them.

"I know."

She came over to him and pecked briefly at an old beachball scar on his forehead.

Some nights Joan used to go to her bedside and sit. Not tonight, though. He picked up in the living room the copy of *Caesar's Gallic Wars*.

The Swiss, who feared neither gods nor men, suffered. . . .

"Who am I to be afraid?" Joan thought. He who had led eight Swiss country boys to death in a stable in France and come out of it with only the loss of the tip of his left shoulder!

The Swiss who feared neither gods nor men suffered—

—

What you see on the opposite page appears to be the cover of yet another copy of *Esquire*, but it's not. It's an integral part of this issue and if you try to remove it or dispose of it separately, by way of sale or otherwise, the whole binding will fall apart and all you'll have is a mess. So watch it.

Photographed by Michel Rispate  
Photostyle by Jean Paul Gault



September 1971  
Price \$1

# Esquire

The Magazine for Men

## Cooling it

The Americanization of the College Campus, '71-'72



### Change of Address

If you are going to move, you certainly won't want to miss one of the issues on your subscription. That is it is necessary to advise us as early as possible, at least sixty days in advance. Both old and new addresses should be given. For the old address, the easiest way to handle it for both yourself and for us is to enclose a mailing label from the label you have just received. For the new address, use this form:

Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to \_\_\_\_\_

Portland Place \_\_\_\_\_ Boulder, Colorado 80502

## Esquire's Trendy Times

## Many Campuses Suffer Financial Woes

Among the hardest hit institutions in the current economic squeeze are the state's colleges and universities, with both State and private funding sources pulling back from further commitments. The California State budget for higher education this year is \$1.05-1.06 billion, below the sum requested by the regents, and substantially lower than the actual budget of a year ago.

At Harvard, one of the wealthiest private schools, cutbacks force as many departments and library hours have already been curtailed.

To combat rising costs, Ohio Governor John A. Gillum proposed last spring to institute a system of deferred payback for all beneficiaries of State-supported higher education. The average four-year college prospect in Ohio costs \$3,200

and Gillison said that if his payback plan were adopted, "It would enable any kid, even off of welfare, to get the same break as a millionaire's son."

## Some Campus Rads Turning Legit

Berkeley was once again the first domino to fall. Last spring, three acknowledged radicals won city-council seats and a sympathizer was elected mayor.

The campaign was conducted by the Arenal Coalition, whose platform said: "We've seen our governments destroy beautiful parks and homes while our people cannot get adequate housing or jobs. We have seen our waters polluted and our fellow citizens choked on smog and tear gas, and beaten in the streets. And yet we have

As goes Berkeley so go the nation's campuses. At the University of Wisconsin, many former members of SDS and RYM II (Revolutionary Youth Movement) have gotten involved in anti-apartheid

Several city councilmen and members of the County Board of Supervisors were elected, but a youth-lacked candidate for mayor lost.

## Hayakawa Curbs Campus Unrest

**San Francisco**—San Francisco State College president S. I. Hayakawa, according to observers here, has succeeded in establishing effective control over campus activities to prevent

Murky of the more risk-averse members have subjected victims to State-guards' brutal raids.

## Bloom Now Off Harvard Boom

**Cambridge, Mass.** — Like other American corporations, Harvard University is feeling the pinch of rising costs and dwindling financial resources. Symbolic of the crisis is the new science building now being constructed on the Cambridge

oups. The survey is expected to draw \$1,000 in maintenance costs from the school's already strained budget. Kaplan programs that began in the affluent years of the 1960s have been undercut by declines in federal aid

## Suicides Holding Steady; Official Reaction Guarded

Last spring, a quiet co-ed, an A student, leaped from a Berkeley dorm window and died. Several weeks after the incident, not a single student interviewed on the campus could recall her name. A senior said, "It's not surprising. It's amazing how no one really cares about one here."

A survey of the major American universities has revealed no rise in campus suicides last year. However, suicide is still the second leading cause of death among students, after acci-

dental death. Although there were three accidents at Berkeley last year, Dr. Henry Bruyn, director of the Student Health Center, sees no upward trend. According to Dr. Bruyn, the incidence of suicide tends to go down in times of war or political unrest. He added that three times as many girls attempt suicide as boys, but that boys tend to be more successful.

A survey of other major universities has revealed the following: the head of the Department of University

Health at Yale reports no suicides last year and sees no trend; at the University of Massachusetts, the head of the Mental Health Service reports two successful attempts and "thousands of suicide gestures"; at the University of Maryland, a member of the Counseling Center reports no suicidal claims or knowledge of any attempts. The U.C.L.A. spokesman feels that this may indicate a downward trend since in previous years there have usually been "a few" attempts.

## Rock Down, Jazz Up

New York—Among the best-selling albums of the year were LP's by Blue Sweet and Tenor and C. Cops, two rock bands with strong jazz orientation.

Jazz artists such as Miles Davis have also begun coming into the youth market. With the breakup of J. B. Hendrix and James Brown, rock vitality is down

## Greening America Seen as New Trend

Cambridge, Mass.—According to John P. Frow, director of the Office for Graduate and Career Plans at Harvard, increasing numbers of affluent white students are seeking positions in the Establishment. This confirms the thesis put forward by Charles Hatch in *The Generosity of America* at Harvard, lower social status students applying to graduate school are more likely to choose professions of modest and unprestigious status.

## Blueing America Seen as New Trend

Cambridge, Mass. — According to John Fox, director of the Office for Graduate and Career Plans at Harvard, blacks and disadvantaged whites are taking the places of affluent whites in the Establishment. This confirms the theme put forward by Peirce and Hoggitt Borges in an article in *The New Yorker* entitled "The Bleeding of America," which sees these men as sufficient to

serve to replenish victims of Conscience III. At Harvard, increasing numbers of disenchanted students are applying to graduate programs in science and engineering, as well as seeking upper-middle-class positions in business. Even so, Mr. For considered reluctantly that his office would provide advice to Harvard students on how to obtain a Massachusetts law director's license.

## Growing Boom in Religious Freakism

Many such attacks around America's campuses point toward a serious revival of interest in religion in the near future. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, home of the Harvard Divinity School, the school's members of the sect called the Process Church, which took to the streets in October 1970, are being housed in Holyoke Street, the owner of a Catholic bookstore and a publisher of anti-Soviet tracts. In Berkeley, the students of Berkeley's leading

## Football Big at Stanford

## Football Big at Stanford

**Palo Alto, Calif.**—At Stanford University, football has come roaring back like a flying wedge. But if the quarterback has a big following at the school, so does Bruce Prosser, a Muslim English teacher.

Joe Buckner led the football team to an upset win in the Rose Bowl this year and made headlines. Franklin led a band of thirty demonstrators who disrupted a speech by Henry Cabot Lodge, and he made headlines. So Efforts are under way to recognize Franklin and there is increasing campus resistance. Students say if anything could keep Stanford calm, it is football, and if anything could make it boil over, it would be the firing of Franklin.

## Brandeis Turns Off

Waltham, Mass.—Resident University, for two years one of the most turbulent campuses in the country, looks as if it will be able to avoid the troubles of the past two years.

Interviews with undergraduates revealed a decline in enthusiasm for anti-war and government activities, balanced by a renewed interest in ethnic matters.

## Bombings Seen as Nuisance by Bank Execs

Where there is smoke, there is likely to be a bank of America. In the past year and a half, forty branches of the bank in the State of California have been bombed or burned.

"It is damn serious problem," P. E. Sullivan, executive vice-president of the bank, is quoted as saying. "If it continues at this pace, it's bound to have an effect on our customers and employees," he added.

The first Bank of America branch was burned during student riots in Isla Vista in February, 1970. One student told me once, "It was the biggest crowd I'd ever seen." Around '70, the bank was

## Gay Libs and Rad Lesbians Strong at U. of Mich.

Some students say that both groups' appeal seems to be comic relief; they complain that the "chadon movement" has fostered into ridiculousness.

Jeanne Leazer later led a schism which resulted in some of the girls in the group splintering off and forming their own organization, Radical Lesbians, which is more political than Gay Liberation.

## Rise of Experimental Colleges

FRANCONIA, N.H. — This Franconia College, an experimental school located in the White Mountains of this state, has an application that emphasized that enrollment applications have tripled in the past year. The present enrollment is 300.

The school's groundbreaking educational policy was credited with being the agent of this surge of interest at a time when applications at such prestigious Ivy League schools in Harvard and Yale are down.

Franconia students can pay in five dollars a month, and their instruction is on an equal basis, all on the locally appointed committee, and after the first two years, study only their major. Competition and discipline are de-emphasized.

In addition to its other unique qualities, Franconia boasts a creative phenomenon—its faculty were refused these students' body many professors were in their twenties during the initial wave of a few years ago.

## Harvard S.D.S. No Longer Factor

Though students for a Democratic Society continue to be perhaps the most vigorous political group around the Harvard Yard in Cambridge, Mass., much of the energy in recent months has been devoted to defending their student attacks by the law enforcement. Last spring, S.D.S. truth squads were seen distributing pamphlets in Harvard dormitories relating charges of malfeasance brought by The Harvard Crimson. "The fact is that S.D.S.—which was once a large, vibrant and politically

powerful group—is now in a serious slump," said the Crimson. "The Crimson had no part in the working class," replied a burly-headed S.D.S. member.

On campus, editors asserted that when U.S. aircraft resumed bombing of North Vietnam last January, S.D.S. held rallies in front of the law enforcement, South Vietnamese forces, with American assistance, to end the Vietnam War. S.D.S. held a protest against malfeasance in an aggressive black electionist training program.

## Health Foods Register Gains

Berkley.—So far there has been no spectacular rise to old-fashioned to eat the most successful companies of recent times.

It is known as The Great Food Conspiracy. Nine two years old and numbering more than twenty separate cooperative groups in the Bay Area alone, it is increasingly combining the two with high prices and unhealthy preservatives.

Bay Area locations including many youthful long hair, have been buying organic produce, duckies, Thais — but the current emphasis on organic foods is "revolutionary."

By eliminating the problem, they report a gain of a third to a half on monthly grocery bills.

According to some marketing reports, this trend is likely to spread, and some schools have even established organic food counters in the foodservice. Students that have at the organic food counter are nearly as long as for ordinary cafeteria food.

Cooperative food buying is not a new trend—there were experiments with co-ops purchasing from the same suppliers, offered the same time off to work for peace candidates last fall, a handful responded.

## Fall of Experimental Colleges

Old Westbury, L.I. — The State University College of Old Westbury, a small experimental school that opened three years ago with great fanfare and a prediction that it would "penetrate" across the country, has begun phasing out.

The college had no academic departments, no failing grades and no traditional examinations. Though it began with only eighty-four students in 1968 and never had more than 230, it soon had a national reputation among educational reformers. One faculty member even held his class under a table so that

everyone could be on the exact same level.

However, senior officials of the State University system found that after three years, effective curriculum planning was almost totally absent, and the school was consistently rated with failing and poor grades in setting issues.

"We looked the oil of apathy that keeps new institutions from becoming successful," L. Woodard Jr., president of Old Westbury, and after negotiating to accept a position as dean of the college.

Old Westbury will continue with the same name but with stricter controls.

## Booze, V.D. Up; Smack Down at U. of Wis.

MADISON — Drinking, venereal disease and dropping out are increasing at the University of Wisconsin, according to a report by the state's health department.

One of the most "high" was used, and said have been to alcohol.

A local liquor store reported that the sale of

beverages and alcohol was down last year but that all other spirits were up.

Wine was up the most, according to the report. The state said that it had sold thirty three percent more wine than last year than last, with cheap wines for college students.

The proportion pointed out that the new generation has new tastes, and besides, marijuana goes better with wine than bourbon.

The increase in venereal disease here led last year to the founding of the Blue Bus Free Clinic. The clinic has already outgrown the blue bus which is the original home and moved into a permanent building.

Nancy Fontana, a member of the clinic board, says the highest incidence of venereal disease in the state is in twenty-four age bracket.

School officials blame venereal disease on the increase in the number of students dropping out.

The campus Drug Information Center said that, although students continue to experiment with heroin, its use has gone down drastically. A health center which once received two or three overdoses a week received none last spring.



## Baloney!

Here we stand, ankle-deep in the cold ashes of the burning deck. We can do no other, though all around have long since fled to the shabby security of the alternative life-style. A hollow welcome, reader, to another Enquire College Issue. Now that you've seen the cover—a typical freak embracing a typical President of the United States (as obvious photomontage) and three pages of hot newsbreaks from the college scene (written with informal contradictions and tainted with dubious authenticity), what do you suppose we're trying to prove? That in this fast-paced, natty, post-cognitive world, reporters must be confused to express confusion? No course, reader. The world may, as it has so often, lose its head, but not we ours.

We've been in the Media Tread business for a long time. In 1961 we interviewed Tim Hayden for a story called *Return of the Campus Rebel*. If you were alive back then, chances are you snuffed at the idea that anybody, however rebellious, could knock a chip off the monolithic conscience of the American college. The following year—1962—we had a big thing about how to seize power on campus. The idea that students could command some authority over the way colleges are run made a lot of people laugh, he said. And then in 1968 we had another thing, this time on the Student Councils, beginning with a San Francisco State co-ed in a hostile dress. How folk did snicker, for four or five months anyhow, until the coming of Hayek and the Rocky Big Show at S. F. State. We've always told you, Now we're telling you again.

This time the Big Tread is No Tread. For every scrap of valid evidence showing that all the cats are grey on our campuses, there's equally good evidence showing that they are green, and further research often reveals that these grey things aren't even cats, but amorphous maddens of heterogeneous hair and other fibers. We sent three editors all over the country this spring, carrying copies of *Time's* cover story on the cooling of America. They came back and said that America was neither cool nor hot nor even lukewarm. What does the doctor do when the patient has no temperature at all? What we're doing at laying it on the line. We're telling you all the date around indicates absolutely nothing. Mind you, we don't mean anything in the sense of nothing. We mean nothing in the sense of, oh, well, more or less a kind of positive Nothing, so to speak. There is No Tread, and that's the trend. Next year may be different.

But we digress. These are eight pages yet to come in the 1971 College Issue, and all this involved concern about Nothing is only keeping you from finding out what else is important that year and how far it goes toward filling the Tread Gap. Carry on.

# Up Against Memory Lane



At one time or another, each of the people shown here was the most important person in the world to college students. Counterplots how they have turned out and chosen among courage, resignation and despair, which we learn to apply.

1. Tom Hayden, star of Port Huron, Chicago, and many, many points in between, now belongs to the Fred Friendly, a Berkeley commune which operates a nursery school and seeks to influence local politics. Hayden is a registered voter.

2. Sasagawa Liddy, former Yale brand who flew to Hanoi in 1965, is now active with a community organization in Chicago, and is interviewing older workers who took part in organizing the U.I.O. to find out how successful movements get it all together.

3. H. Ray Brown once inspired Cambridge, Maryland, and successfully that the state accused him of homicide it down in 1967. Today he is wherever he is, the last person to speak to him was his wife, on the morning of Sunday, March 5, 1978.

4. David Miller was the first (then to burn his draft card after Congress passed a law against it back in 1965. Now out of jail, he is working for a prison-reform group in Washington and writing a book about being in jail.

5. Maria Savits, now in exile of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley in 1964, is still at Berkeley, but now he is a graduate student in physiology.

6. Mark Rudd was leader of the pack in the proletarian seizure of Columbia in the Spring of 1969. Later he joined the Weathermen and early in 1970 went underground, though his parents expect he'll come back someday.

7. Garrison Kirk was president and Chief Object of Contention at Columbia in Mark Rudd's day. He resigned, but kept his head in an American American, Professor Emeritus, President of the Council on Foreign Relations, trustee of Columbia, and board member of UNO, CIA, Edison, Mobil Oil, etc., etc.



8. Harry Edwards headed up the Black boycott of the 1968 Olympics and made waves around San Jose State College. Today he's an assistant professor of sociology at Berkeley and writes books on politics. He's planning all the time about the 1972 Olympics, though.

9. After Jack Weinberg was held captive for 48 hours in a Berkeley police house he said "Never trust anyone over thirty." Now he's thirty-one, lives in Los Angeles, and writes for Warner's Paper, the "International Socialist" paper. Don't trust it.

10. David Harris, Stanford's first radical student-body president, went to jail for draft resisting in 1969. Now he's living with his wife Joan, then and their child in Los Altos, and is a staff member of the Institute for the Study of Non-Violence, a conscious, non-minding collective staffed by about twenty like-minded people.

11. Lewis B. Brinkley was head of Selective Service from the creation until 1970, when he retired; now he's Chairman of the Board of the National Council of the Boy Scouts, and helps his wife with the housework.

## Working Without the System: Common Laborers

Once upon a time, a graduate education served a useful social function: it offered protection—from military and civilian life. But more and more ex-eggheads are blaming the system and finding honest work. Witness



John Bernard (far left) is a twenty-five-year-old Harvard graduate and now a student at Hastings Law School. His principal gig, though, is blowing an oboe on the street corner. He pulls down from ten cents to \$10 an hour and works four days a week. There is, however, an occasional sore note: Bernard was recently busted for obstructing a traffic flow. Says the musician, his chops once dropped, "My most popular performance at the Hyde London Trio." Arnold Kotler (left) is also twenty-five, has a Master's in political science from Berkeley, and is a graduate fellow. In addition to his dream job, he had a go at carpentry and served for a time as a telephone operator. Kotler, who makes \$164 a month, hopes ultimately to study Zen Buddhism. But for now, he's a happy person: "I really love being a professor. I'm out in the front and get a lot of respect. And working in Berkeley, you never know when you'll meet."

Samuel Earnshaw (far left) has a Ph.D. from Trinity College and an M.A. in the sociology of literature from the University of Essex. When not attending literary classes at the University of California, Earnshaw drives a Yellow cab. He'd rather have found a teaching job, but last week drew pay \$106 a week and keeps him fed in San Francisco. And if that's not enough, it is, according to Earnshaw, "an interesting job—although maybe not forever."

Paul Eisenkrantz (left) graduated magna cum laude from Eugene and was a Phi Beta Kappa. He then picked up a Regents Fellowship and a Master's in math at Berkeley. Today, four years later, Eisenkrantz is a candle-maker. He and two others in his company produce their waxes in wooden boxes. The candles are sold to book stores where they retail for \$2-\$12. Eisenkrantz himself draws \$400 a month. He says, "Making candles is right on and groovy."



the State of California. Neckties make fifty cents a dollar each than he can use it. He says, "One problem with the job is the hours. You never know when someone will need a safety pin in an emergency. And people keep taking my sign." Keith Friedlander (left) applied a graduate education in city planning toward a career as a carpenter and taxi driver. Last year, she started driving a small van for \$215 an hour, then moved up to a big bus for \$250. In her spare time, she picks up extra bread by putting up screens and building small things. Friedlander hopes to set an example for other women by making good at blue-collar work. "I enjoy carpentry," she says, "and I'm driving a bus, too."

David Newman (far left) is a member of the Florida bar but prefers operating two Chevy Doves Orange Juice stands on the Berkeley campus. Newman has put up this message on his establishment: "I peddle allusions to the great canyon and to its panoramas, Curry Doves, and to the strange past for which he stands, both apparent, undecipherable, with love (but no need) for all." Newman claims to have thought of the whole idea when, stoned,

Carlson W. Johnson Jr. (left) got his law degree three years ago at Berkeley, but wants to relax a few more years before using it for anything. In the meantime he makes \$250 a week working cars and sending bar at the hip Tugend restaurant in San Diego. Johnson agrees that a straight job opportunity will always exist, and hasn't as yet found a convincing reason for taking it. He says, "I don't want to drive to work at night at all."



The promoters of *The Statue* decided this image of David Niven in the *Harvard Lampoon*, which accepted it. Later somebody put the whole thing on a disembody roof.



Erish Segal, author of *Love Story*, Yale professor of classics and athlete, ran 400th in the Boston Marathon.



Two members of Sigma Nu fraternity at California State College, Los Angeles, set the world's toilet toilet record of 170 hours 30 minutes.



Nobel Prize winner George Weid went to lunch instead when only three people showed up for an anti-war speech.



Entomologist Dr. Gordon Edwards, professor of biology at San Jose State College, has eaten two hundred times the normal human intake of DDT in an effort to show it's not as bad as people think. He says it tastes like talcum.





A 300-pound concrete ball was dislodged from the top of Hemlock tower at Santa and fell 285 feet to the

The Humboldt (California) State College student government budgeted \$375 for Jesus Emphatic Week

Students at Mississippi State University organized a chapter of TOPE Club, which is an organization for weight watchers



Angela Davis got 500 votes running for president of the Honolulu Alaska Association, but lost

Anthropology instructor John Allison was suspended from Sonoma State College after conducting a class in which students tore aside of a number of students taking off their clothes, applying paint to their buttocks, and taking impressions on soapstone paper

Over five hundred students at the University of Florida in Gainesville registered in a philosophy department course in Vices. The course is given in the open-air courtyard of the ROTC building at the college



waiting for when the tower was struck by lightning. The resulting impact made a hole six inches deep

University of Southern California freshman Glenn Rynd, unemployed for an examination, successfully delayed it by telephoning a bomb threat to the building in which the test was scheduled to be held

Linda Deakman and Candy Cooley, freshmen at the University of California at Davis, conducted an experiment in sexual role reversal, asking boys out, paying checks, and initiating kisses. They said they were inspired by Alysa Rockledge. At last report, none of the boys they asked out had called back

Seven members of Sigma Chi fraternity at Fresno State College were rushed to the hospital after being overcome by a stink bomb released in a flat peak. Police said a group of pledges had planned to swell up the house with bed-bug-scented gas, which has the odor of rotten eggs, but that the gas "got away from them." Fresh concentrations of the gas can be fatal

The University of Oregon barred students at \$1.00 an hour to expel dogs and prevent drug dealing in the elevators of the Student Union building



The University of Texas revealed that its new Chancellor's residence, budgeted at \$163,000 two years ago, in fact cost \$307,000, including \$33,000 for a fence and driveway, \$60,000 for landscaping and \$27,000 for outdoor lighting. It has eight bathrooms



Buffalo Jack Smith drew 2000 students when he appeared at Harvard and 1100 at the University of South Carolina, 1700 students

came to see Bob Na Na at Stanford, drew every college in America held at least one such day, and the Yale Proctor was at Princeton

Professor Jacob Luzzatto, who is Jewish, teaches history at the Arabs at Wayne State University, Detroit

Thirteen Northwestern University co-eds signed up as experimental subjects for a research project on the sexual response to speaking. They were paid \$15 per half-hour speaking session, but when their psychics bounced, University police determined that the experimenters had no connection with the school. All of the girls refused to prosecute the speaker

## New Man on Campus

If the student movement is divided again, then to whom does the future belong? To the left on this page, the freshmen of '71, the graduates of '72. The passage of the Sixties, and of the Spring of 1970, is over, only he remains, archetype of the brave new campus world to come. Our fearful trip is done, America, sit down now, grow green (starting at the gills), and relax.

"I've got a brother in the Navy, but in spite of that he's a gay guy. When he gets back we'll go out for a late."

"I've fed up with the big trip my old man headed me."

"I'm looking forward to college because it offers me a chance to put it all together and meet a lot of groovy chicks, too."

"I've been into dope for years—kiss makes me more, uh, perceptive."

Photographed by Michel Mouton

"I don't much care what I do for a living. Anything's a living, but at five o'clock I can quit and go to my thing."

"I really dig rock—things like Chicago and Grand Funk Railroad."

"Who are  
Stephen Lead  
Gregory Kirk  
Mark Raul  
Tom Hayden  
Jack Weinberg  
Maurice Sarno  
Gerald Hershley  
H. R. Brown  
Mark Rauloff  
J. D. Salinger  
James Brown, Karen  
Richard Farina  
Maheshwari Wasthman  
anyhow?"

"Why can't this magazine be more like Playboy?"

1975

## The cut of academe '71

Here, in its customary come September, Esquire's College Board, a group of undergraduate juniors, models what is in vogue on campus. The fall, jeans are again the thing. And perhaps properly, for no other article of apparel is more American or ubiquitous. What we're working clothes to the American college are as much how as what, having inspired the cheeky, midnight snails of rock groups without end. What is newer about the years of the Seventies is that, while retaining the classic cut, they now point the unbridled hairs and collars that are a lasting legacy of the Postcard Revolution. And so is evident from the photo, with jeans one extra what he wishes. In the rear row from left to right, the U. of Utah's Jim Smith in Peter West's Cotton sweater (522), Ernie Gardner of Fisk U. in Robert Bruce's cotton pullover (512), Lane Bismark's corduroy (510), a Paris belt (57), Dana's Roger Williams (behind Gardner) in an Alpa pullover (515), Loyola of Chicago's Kevin Muller in an acrylic turtleneck by Denzel (58), U.C.L.A.'s Jeff LaPlante in a Shobe shirt (513) and U. of Leo jeans (514). Behind's Edward Wang in Forum's cotton-and-Troxel pullover (513) and left's shaggy blue jeans (517). Front row: Brown's Carroll Linsdell in an Alpa turtleneck (58) and Whittaker jeans (56), the U. of Arizona's mottled Richard Bloom in Berkeley's rib-knit pullover (58) and Concord jeans (512), the U. of North Carolina's Eugene Hester (foreground) in Levi Skunk's Western shirt (57) and jeans (512), U.S.C.'s Rick Cordes (behind Hester) in Hester's pullover (512) over a turtleneck of Marshall shirt (58), the U. of Tulsa's Dan Poland in Forum's zip-front pullover (514) and stud-front jeans (514), G.M.U.'s Gary Mann in Berkeley's ribbed sweater (515) and Concord jeans (517).

Photographed by Michel Decroix





Now the cowboy's denim jacket and jeans have been converted into the jeans suit—neat but gaily casual yet coordinated and much more easily worn than the traditional sport coat and slacks. Not as big as it looks, this functional. Some of the styles and materials (leather, suede, denim, corduroy, and knit) are shown on the members of the College Board in the photo at the left. In the back row, from left to right: Gerald Casaleff in the origin of it all—Levi Strauss's shirt (\$20), jeans (\$50), and jacket (\$20), all of course, in denim; Dan Foland, under the archway of Casaleff's and Jeff Lipsher's arms, in H.D. Lee's brushed-denim jacket (\$110), jeans (\$30) and a Forum Acrylic knit shirt (\$110); Lipsher in a Levi Strauss jacket (\$90) and jeans (\$50) of split cowhide and a Forum sweater (\$140); and, far right, Eugene Hamer in a zippered jacket (about \$90) and jeans (about \$20), both in Spanish leather (Peters Sportswear). In the front row, Gary Kase wears a polyester double-knit jeans suit (available at Debeaux's, New York, \$200) and a cord knit shirt (\$10). Richard Bloom is in a cotton-knit suit with acrylic collar and knit pants (Cleveland, the jacket \$110, the pants \$10) and a wool ribbed knit turtle-neck sweater by Alps (\$10) and David Cowles in a cotton-corduroy jacket with leather pockets (\$30) and jeans (\$30). Josh by Winnebago, and a cord shirt in a wool (jeans) (\$20).



For all their comfort and casualness, undergraduate clothes are being chosen as the Seventies with a certain restraint: a certain discipline, that wasn't so evident in the recent years of the giddy excesses resulting from young men's determination to liberate themselves from the strictures of the Ivy League look. Now, even in the most casual clothes, there is a sense of coordination that was absent during the recent semesters of slavish conformity to almost anything that seemed unbridled. From left to right on the opposite page: Jim Silk in a Carlen blazer suit of polyester-and-wool double knit (\$150), Gary Klein in a rayon-and-cotton suit that incorporates the buckskin of nostalgia with the tailored flap pockets of flow (\$240-min, \$115), and Jeff Luchini in Lenz's wool knit sport jacket (\$125) that can be a country suit (\$170). On this page, Eugene Harner wears Lenz's wide- and narrow-wale corduroy suit (\$160). The shirts, ties, and belt-neck here are by Gino.



When campus winds begin to blow free, the look of fall will be much in evidence. The mimetic ingenuity of the laboratory has finally succeeded in producing such simulations of expensive pelts as in the coats worn here by Gary Klein, Emily Gardner and Eugene Hunter. Though all are experimental models, it is only a matter of time before one can buy them, and at prices well within most undergraduate reckoning. From left to right: Gary Klein in a wool pile-lined stadium coat by Norwood Mills; Gardner in a double-breasted, back-belted coat of wool deep pile (Glenorb); and Hunter in a Norwood Mills deep-pile model with hood and belt.



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—the more thrilling than a sudden and accessible access of homicidal mania on the part of a postmodernist Derrida and Jean. The parts are conventionally played middle-aged because the old Shakespearean actor-managers usually were middle-aged by the time they had their own companies. Sperry is like why the play has nearly always failed in the theatre? Of the many Macbeths I've seen, Lawrence Olivier's at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1936 was the only one that worked. Roman: hardly even in the play unindicated by its bad record; it has never seen it before.

Cost almost any actor as Macbeth, and he will come on looking down-then, already aware that he is in a Greek Tragedy. But the point about the Macbeth is that they do not know they are in a tragedy. They think they are in a story that is going to have a temporarily happy ending. When the wicked prophecy that Macbeth will be king, he is filled with exhilaration, like a man who has come into an unexpected fortune. That is the dream. Realizing to follow it, the Macbeths encounter the reality of their own careers, which likewise witness of their fate, and that is the tragedy.

Successful not to tie up to the text with someone else. If asked whether it is a great tragedy written by a great philosopher, or a great modernist written by a great poet, we would choose the latter. This doesn't, of course, mean that it's no more than a Highland story of passion in crime, entitled "My Name Was Once The Duke". . . .

Roman and I have been seeing some Shakespearean films. Of the Oscar Winner Macbeth he says: "It's a tragedy of bad planning—a wonderful scene filled with incredible mistakes." But we both admire the Russian Macbeth, with ferociousness as the prize. . . .

Except for old-time film fragments: "In the great hand of God I stand," we decide to eliminate overt religion from the script. Not on dramatic grounds but because, if we let it in, we have to show what kind of religion—Christian or pagan? Friends or high priests? Incest or extramarital? Once reworked on that course you are apt to end up inventing someone figures like the ghostly Old Man with the moon in Omelet's picture. There is plenty of evil in the play, and, though he denies it, I suspect that Roman believes in the relevance of evil as an action force in the world. Certainly he takes a fairly low view of human motives. So does the script: the only sympathetic character of any note is Banquo and the Macbeths, and of these only Macbeth survives to the end. . . .

I'd expected that I would be mostly concerned with the verbal aspect of the script and Roman with the visuals. But not at all: he knows the text inside out, and many of the staging ideas are coming from me. Rhythmic fascination here. He makes my horses to find out the direction, in Shakespearean English, between "shall" and "will," "thou" and "you." He has a polymath's appetite for knowledge. When the piece in his car breaks down, he gives me a



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two-minute lecture on the principles of electronic dashing, he is corresponding with a professor on the screen of space, and he often starts conversations with hangers, clipboards, penknives like: "I just solved the problem of the film."

But it wasn't always so practical knowledge. Abstract argument before him. . . . Roman is a rigid point where screen writing is concerned. He absolutely forbids the kind of vague, evasive stage directions (e.g. "the atmosphere is threatening," "he seems unusually preoccupied") with which many scripts are padded. He insists that we outline scenes exactly to what can be seen and heard: "Anything else is cheating." Examples of his passion for concrete detail: we discuss a shot of the advancing English army and he asks: "Should they move right to left across the frame, or left to right?" I readily say: "Does it matter?" "Of course it matters," he says. "To the Western eye easy or successful movement is left to right, difficult or failed movement is right to left." He ends not for a children's scene to prove his point. On the last page a scene is shooting the rapids left to right, and a man is sliding a mountain right to left. The English army advances left to right. . . .

Roman rejects the idea of "stylized" violence, abstract, spirit of evil. Instead they will be real old women who live in a real place and kill real people. Their first scene—only eight lines long—has already gone through a dozen revisions. Sometimes I get impatient with the way he frets over minute details of description—even of layout on the page. He groans and says: "Is man unendingly de-mander?" ("It's a happiness of him.") . . .

Today Roman writes a letter to his old friend and secretary John Trevi, Jr., the British film censor, who is a declared opponent of screen violence. Gently he warns Trevi that he is working on a subject which involves the old-fashioned murder of a reigning monarch by a member of the aristocracy, and the decapitation of his successor. He adds that the plot also includes incesticide and a detailed recipe for setting up the devil. . . .

Shakespeare left the murder of King Duncan offstage and out of cinematic focus (he showed kings being killed in other plays) but because Macbeth was written to be performed in the presence of a British king, James I, there is thus no reason for us to keep the murder offscreen. Roman insists that we set out various ways of decapitating Duncan. It's a lot fun, and we are working stripped to the waist in his little room above the East Square. He makes me lie down in the spare bedroom with my eyes shut, and a camera on the unobtrusive screen that he is going to come at me with a paper knife. He does so. I manage to throw him, he carefully produces a second weapon; and we roll eyes and oops on the floor. We repeat this with many variations, alternating the roles. Suddenly I notice that, on the balcony of the house overlooking Roman's garden, a group of

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**PIC**

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(Continued from page 112) eyes back into those sockets, that hasn't changed since his infancy, when his bottle would dry.

Stavros reminds, "Well, for you it'd be great. It's all caps. For me, it just wasn't sexy. I guess I don't find technology that sexy."

"Does everything have to be sexy?" Janice asks.

"It doesn't have to be, it tends to be," Stavros tells her. To Rabbit he says, "Here some manliness. You'll love it, and it's quick." And in an admirable peristaltic little gesture, he moves his hand, makes awkward use of her fingers, had him stepped, without lifting his elbow from the table, and the naughty woman cannot remain to them.

"Fasci."

"Only yours," she answers. While Stavros offers in Greek, Harry studies Janice, her pendant gone. Time has been precise to her. As if it felt sorry for her. The something garbled and mean when her mouth, that she had even in her teens, has been released by the appearance of other men's wrinkles in her face, and her hair, whose sparseness once annoyed him, is another marker of her present, she now turns down over her ears from a central parting in two smooth wings. He wants no lipstick and no certainty in light and angles as a error reveals and the dignity seen in newspaper photographs of female powerful fighters. The gray look she got from her mother, the dignity from the doctor, which found her from the need to look badly. Place as beautiful. And now she is all curves in happiness, surprise in her round bottom and dancing her hair through one of recognition quick white in the sunlight. She tells Stavros, "If you hadn't shown us we would have started."

"So," he says, a resonating dental man. "They would have taken care of you. There are nice people."

"There are," she says, "are in America, they're helping."

"Yeah," Stavros says to Rabbit. "I see the dead you put on your old Fab one."

"I told Charlie," Janice tells Rabbit. "I certainly didn't get it there."

"What's wrong with it?" he asks them both. "It's our flag, isn't it?"

"It's something," Janice says, and they both the friend and softly bounding her fingertips together under his sheltered bed eye.

"You're not, huh?"

"Harry got fixated about this," Janice warns.

"I don't get fixated. I just get a little bit about people who come over here to make a fat buck."

"I was born here," Stavros quickly says. "It was my father."  
—and then looks the fucking flag. Like it's some piece of toilet paper.  
"A flag is a flag. It's just a piece of cloth."

"It's more than just a piece of cloth."

"What is it to you?"

"It's—"

"The mighty Mississippi!"

"It's people not flowing my sentence all the time."

"Just half the time."

"That's better than all the time like they have in China."

"Look. The Mississippi is very broad. The Rocky Mountains are wide and high. I don't see why we couldn't build a bridge across the head and the Peninsula playing cowboy and Indians all over the place. That's what your people want."

"I don't think we can," she says, "I don't think we can." "I don't think we can," she says, "I don't think we can."

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His mouth. "Not that," Harry repeats more softly. He says over the table cloth, beside the trembling dishes. "Now I suppose you're going to say 'happily.' That fraying magic word. They're loose. They're loose. They're loose and losing markets into hospitals for twenty years, and because of it, people they're confident for the Albert Schweitzer Memorial Fund. I'll be it." He has gotten lost again. It makes him mad, the thought of the treasury and the thought of the flag, following him.

"Harry, you'll get us locked out!" Janice says, but he knows she is still happy, all in quiet, a smile in the air.

"You happened to dig him," Stavros tells her. "If I get your meaning," he says to Rabbit. "I'm sure the big man trying to make this society did take some medicine that'll be good for him."

"That's right. You got it. We are. And most of 'em want to take the medicine, they're doing for it, and a few medicine in black pajamas would rather buy 'em alive. That's your theory?"

"That's the theory," he says to the man. The Greek has taken Rabbit's hands and says, "Did old Uncle Ben?"

"No," Stavros says, speaking his hand in the pocket of his shirt and staring back toward the base of Harry's throat—grumpy with him, Harry notices, who'll—my theory is it's a medicine power play. It means that we want the man, we don't want them to have it. Or the magazine. On the contrary. We've been playing chess with the Russians too long, we don't know we were off the board. What force does work in pillow countries anymore."

Kennedy's address who thought they could run the world. He thought he was pulling the button and nothing happened. Then Oswald would take Johnson in who was such a headache to thought all it took was a paper towel in the button. So the machine services take, but get confused and a killing market at one end and delivery notes at the other end in the world. Forty thousand men of American nations killed by oil-manned bombs. People don't like having money killed in the people's names. Maybe they don't like it, but they need to think it was necessary."

Rabbit asks him, "How did you do that Arnie?"

Stavros says, "I'm sure he's a scholar. I was 4-7. Tricky tactics. I hear you set out the Kennan thing in Texas."

"I want where they told me. I'd tell you where they told me."

"Really for you. You're what made America great. A and good-looking."

"It's the whole mystery," Janice says. "But he knows what he's doing as Stavros happily, for a return on her gift. God, Rabbit thinks, she is drunk, even if her son has shaped up in middle age."

"It's a normal product," Stavros says. "It's a typical good-looking animal." Rabbit knows, those who cannot love any that is not loved, with that little look of a midlife smile, that he is being flirted with, seduced, his own feeling in—for an illusion. But

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has of going into his library, his kids running out to his study, looking at the books of his shelves, a lot going sterile, that he thought that's what he wanted, that's why she left him. She was wrong, he told them that. The more she thought sterile, he doesn't understand women in love, just going to be romantic, seeing that that was him, and looking through the eyes of her, he didn't have to make it dangerous by showing up himself. It even occurred to him, because he was explicitly there, that he didn't want to be a part of having coffee with her but he had asked her to go in his apartment with him she would have done it and was even mentioning it through the night. She would have told Harry about suddenly feeling sick. But luckily he didn't ask, he finished the coffee and paid the whole bill and dropped the money on the mannequin as promised. She said she was that way, want to keep their promises to each other, women are known it, mostly. The movie is about Harry and Charlie tells her herself, remembering about her parents, giving them the names Harry says only in anger, she revealed it, that's not relevant, Charlie says they were a language of love, his way of keeping himself up, telling her her own past. She doesn't panic to with Harry, knowing Harry's head it's more honest, Charlie holds back forever, a thick sweet yet she can do anything with his today. She's the far in the back of his childhood, she's shocked, has touch, something freakish, but no, that's the way many men still are. Curious. One hears Julia smile in the dark.

In the dark of the car driving over the bridge along Wayne is asked how if Harry passed anything. She said she doesn't remember anything, but she had been laughing like the last couple of days, her stepping in late suddenly at the office.

"She's, we should not. It's little." "Let him live. His old time on me used to be I was anxious, at first he was delighted to get a job. Now he drags I say, William I say, Give the boy a little room, he's thirteen and you're leaning on him worse than your mother would on you. He won't even let him get a ride-home because it's too dangerous, supposedly." Charlie said, "He sure was terrible to me."

"Not really. He's like that about Vietnam with everything. It's what he really thinks."

"How can he think that crap? Where, America first, it's dead."

She tried to imagine how. One of the nice things about having a lover, it makes you think about everything again. It's one of your favorite kind of movie, fat and rather funny. She answered at last, "Remembering in very real in love about it, I don't know what it is." She went on with difficulty, for a lightning, a feeling, comes over her tongue, her soul, whenever she tries to think, and one of the many beautiful things about Charlie is how she can be so little but terrible it just happens. She has given her not only her body but her voice.

"Maybe he came back to me, to William and me, for the old-fashioned reason and now he feels everybody making these reasons. He put his life into this and he feels doing wrong."

She laughed. "The blue lights of the leader balanced on the backs of his heads sitting parallel on the steering wheel. 'I get it. You're his favorite sometimes.'"

She laughed too, but it seemed a little hard of him to say, to make a joke of the marriage that was, after all, a part of her too. Remember Charlie didn't quite listen. The father was like that a Harry in their house, word in their car. Getting ahead, you know what the view people are.

Starron seemed the little woman and tried to hint it, getting her through as they arrived at the movie house. "Sporty, sporty," he told. "The idea of a space of space would be to get in the car with you and ball for a week." And right here, with the light behind the designer clothing into the car and she appeared last late already at the audience leaving their tickets, he ran his gaze across her breasts and looked his teeth into her hair. Shaved and pulled by his touch from him, gently and late, she pushed into the movie house. To plan something, the awkward motion, his display ended of readiness and found. Nelson and Harry drove from, when they had had to be because of her, because she had made them late so she could not be Harry's friend, the great exploding screen close above them, their hair or hair, their own breathless and. The backs of their heads, something like, had given a mark of love within her. She came, a path of pity that sent her scrambling across the coffee beans of strangers in the seat her hand red one had saved.

A car moved on the curved road outside, having run of light across the ceiling. The refrigerator below passed in itself, drops in even on into its own trap. The body felt tense as a hero, she wrote to be taught. The teacher himself, hardly ever did it as a girl, after morning Harry. A woman's body, marriage should make it never necessary, just again in the other person, and he would be it. How and it was with Harry, they had become locked room to seek other, they could have each other say but couldn't get it, but not the help, though that was never the most terrible thing ever, but even that had faded, followed, until it seemed it hadn't been her in that room but in image of him, and she had not been alone, there had been some more in the room with her, he was with her now. Charlie had something. Charlie, everything was due in state in front of the man and have good to have him made flesh. She imagined it in her, like something you knew somehow. Only big, big. And then, she was sure, she thought now that she'd been with him so many times she could be quick as a scorpion, sometimes asking her just to pass away and smiling herself, come, kissed her but how strange to have to leave to play, they used to tell her, everyday, the great teacher, the Epit-

ymological master. Much even was said enthusiastically then, and to make your body a plaything when that's just what it was, she wonders if Nelson has been saying anything, his little warm hands for him, that's what, what would be think what must be think, such a lonely life, sitting there alone at the TV when the screen burns, his trouble, he's lost it. Through the bottom of his or she's lost it, how hard. How why blue only at all in. We're here and they try to find us and change our shapes and live as we go get lessons and concentrate and go long-cray and finally one or two come forward to teach us and we can't wait to get married and have more kids and then stop having them and go money-free this time with not even knowing it until we're in too deep. The first given more were as we were then, everything that they must be ever and we role spread in them in forever late for a while in Tucson or see the leaves turn in New Hampshire and smell our grandmother and then get into bed too Harry's poor mother. Harry is always after her to visit but he doesn't see why she should, he never had a good word to say for her when she was kindly, keeping for words while her mouth never still and her eyes trying to pay from her hand trying to keep herself on something motionless, and then there's the running here at the hospital, just did make late when they used to visit her father's doctor and TV's going all up and down the hall and Charismatic downstairs dropping needles on the forehead and then she do and it wasn't him, mothered if we hadn't bothered to be here at all. And all the time there was and state and history happening, but it's not as important as the newspaper says unless you get caught in it. Harry seems right to be about that, Vietnam or Korea or the Philippines suddenly came about them just they must be dead too, it just is that way, by long that haven't showed yet, the other side has been Nelson's sign. It is strange it is of Charlie to come in, to be so naive, as if he's a memory, which of course he is, her father used to talk of going again when he was in school, on against them, Germany versus Japan, Daddy very proud of being German for Mead, then why, she used to sit herself all around, but she so dark, often dark, never understood that she always frowned up and never lay flat in bangs, never knew enough real reality to let it grow long in front and pin it in his father's madness. Charlie calls her Stephanie, though there is no such at his bedroom, didn't have enough body in school, but the fingers there days now, since she was being shaped, all those years, toward Charlie. He can't like the risk, though they were never not just unpleasant, Daddy gave her a little sheet to put away the time Harry was alone as irresponsible, the defined check came in, the envelopes with wrinkles, she doesn't like Harry to see them, they make light of his working. Julia wants to sleep, thinking of how kind Harry has worked these pasts. This

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was being driven by a corrupt child of my own generation, with a white gaggle that included a large number of experienced politicians and businessmen, and a few who were to become leaders on the West Coast as my "bodyguards." (The experience was ultimately costly and therefore valuable.) The two Hill staffers who were to become my closest friends were not even effective revolutionary theorists. What the kids were to initiate the very next day in Washington was to run the show and the Hill staffers were to be the show of ideological grace. I stopped by to make old wounds to acknowledge Europe without the hardening of America into the most reactionary of nations. I left the Hill staffers in charge. I left for the Middle West and the crazy questions, "Are you a Communist—a name you or no?" What was to do about New York and the East? What was to do about the West?

I heard that Miller wanted to come on late with me on the Simulcast show. I was pleased, for it seemed like the summer to my question. I showed him a letter I had planned to have give him. It was a letter from a psychologist, an old-fashioned gentlemanly guy, but we were both concerned of the media, and our master called a phone call at midnight in San Francisco changed everything. My dear sister had announced by digital television that she was pregnant. The pregnancy of our conversation from David Spade's show. So much for his respect for his adversary. The money angle was bad enough, but the editorial angle was even worse. Not by but the facts about the Times have not been very strong. I was not sure if I was going to be going to the street, followed on the night.

[illegible]

pers were assisted I would be assisted too. The lawyers were never assisted, as it happened.

[illegible]

## TENNESSEE WILLIAMS TURNS SIXTY

(Continued from page 15) undiminished affections. One senses he is his own worst enemy, that it is unfortunate that he has indeed been able to write at all. Yet, like the old dog that has survived many seasons of disaster, he keeps coming back, a Florida migrant from the South.

Mr. Wren was old. His grandfather was an Episcopal rector in Columbus, Mississippi. He was a debauche, intoxicated chump who broke his father, an aggressive, virile, and successful businessman, by drinking, groveling mother, and fawning over a protection, half-breed aunt who later became the model farm owner in the Glens Newberry. His father called him "Man Wren" and his mother called him "Man Wren." At sixteen he sold his first story, about an evil Egyptian queen who carried all her enemies in a banquet and then drowned them, to a magazine called "The Saturday Evening Post." He failed to get a job, so he went to the editorial production of the Old South as an apprentice, row of dirty 1930s apartment complex, the sister of direct blood and mustard, a St. Louis. To travel he saw his way, but he was not a writer. The factor was his life lesson, a "living hell." He worked all day and was

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shockingly close the greedy and poured it all over this small man. This was the first time the more casual aspect of a spiritual dislocation that began to manifest itself in more disturbing ways. I became inwardly distressed to realize that I had been aware in the 1960s that the Communists needed the Jews had been recorded years ago and were being played back on a turntable. I could recall even seeing Agony, I still do. I hated my work and was in physical agony. I decided to have another eye operation to give myself a greater freedom to live. I had been offered for some years to work with a contact on my left eye which required a series of one-day operations and finally a complete removal of the eye. I left eye. I was in pain and discomfort and I ran away to Mexico, an elemental country where migrants represent an children and a life of a human being, especially when their language is unfamiliar, are soft as birds. My public will, that artist of a man, seemed to exist and I felt that the heart of man, his body and his brain, was forged in a white-hot furnace for the purpose of conflict. This struggle for I did not want to live without it. Luxury is the wolf at the door and the fangs are the vultures and crows preyed by success. When I saw the leaves of the tree, I saw the danger in the Without deprivation and struggle there is no salvation and I am just a second ending dancer."

There was more that I saw. We leave the hotel door. A maid has left a bag of vacuum-cleaner cords outside the door. "Buster is the hallways," she says. "I'll be back." I see the way to a jewelry shop on Royal Street to buy a diamond ring. "It's only \$158, a very good bargain," says the shopkeeper.

"A genuine diamond for \$125?" gapes Tennessee.

"It's not perfect."

"We'll see it!" He says it. Guided by me, he continues his stroll. "This place has no money memories. I came here in 1939 to write. I was heartbroken after my sister Rose's commitment to a psychiatric hospital and I suffered a breakdown myself. In New Orleans I felt a freedom. I could walk my head bare, live that has ever there? This used to be called Vieux, I had just found the owner in a happy room on the top of an old house where I worked under a light as a large refractory table waiting. A Stranger Named Buster. At that time, I was under the mistaken impression that I was dying. I didn't feel much like eating, but in the evenings after walking all day my only close friend would bring me a bowl of crouton stew and in the afternoon I would go around the corner to Vieux Café and have myself two brandy brandies. Without that sense of fatigue and that idea of immortality approaching death I don't think I could have created *Buster*."

He tells me though *Buster* is still inside him, trying to get out. His face in the jungle under a net. He has in his mind the old and the new, the antique shop, a flower garden and a genuine voodoo shop, the owner of which

dreams to be a witch doctor, is a former life, was a cat. The window is full of howling cats among the gro-gris, long potlens and books on Marie Laveau the Voodoo Queen. He stops at 301 Tremaine, his last address in New Orleans, and the years cross his face in a shadow. "In those little windows I wrote a short story about a tubercular poet throwing up blood—a recurring theme in my work. I used to do it myself. I stayed alone by looking my typewriter and writing on toilet it was head-on-head and I thought up a slogan: 'Meat for a Quarter is the Quarter.' I'd go outside the old grey building with its green shutters and iron grilles, hang up signs with my own slogans, then I'd walk back inside, and change quickly into my wife's uniform just in time to serve the diner. One night I saw a nurse and an old lady who lived in the place pouring boiling water through the cracks in the floor to seal the boards to death. I stepped away from by sliding down from the second story on a string of bed sheets to a trumpet player wearing below his press to drive me to Calhern in his jeep to what he described as his mother's magnificent ranch. It turned out to be a run-down place where where they took me in out of pity after the trumpet player wanted me, and I expect my keep plucking up my brother. I will remember how I got paid. For every week I played 14 keep tabs by putting a dollar in a little bottle."

We pass stilled mannequins holding boxes of peony pastries wrapped for mailing. At the Cabildo, he crosses over by the Zoo balcony and walks along the New Orleans waterfront. "This reminds me of the time I did *The David Frost Show*. He asked me if I was a homosexual in front of millions of people. I was so startled I didn't know what to say, so I just blurted out, 'I cover the waterfront,' and the audience cheered me so loud he said he guessed he better leave for a commercial and I said, 'I should thank you would.'" We come to a sign advertising barge cruises and a street car and I ask if it was true that Tromen Capote were imprisoned on a steamboat and pointed them on jelly glasses. "I think that was just a product of Tennessee's fanciful imagination. He always lived in a fantasy, ya know. When I first met him, he told me he had a ring given to him by Andrew Gold. But he was so anxious in those days, before he discovered the fact that I will never forget we were coming back from Europe together on the Queen Mary and there was a mad Norwegian lady on board who kept following Little Truman around. Truman was very very funny and kept at it all through by telling them poor dear little blither. 'You know I've always wanted to own one of those broken's rings for my very own,' and the poor soul kept saying, 'Oh, that's very difficult, you have to be a doctor,' and Little Truman said, 'Well, I thought perhaps I could get one from a Norwegian lady.' Subliminally, I always said Little Truman had a voice so loud it could only be detected by a hat."

He lets out a wild, wailing cackle that makes people to turn around in the street. "The only and writer the South ever turned out was Carson." Of all the writers he's known, Carson McKelvey was the only one with whom he established a lasting friendship. "He was no angel, ya know. Or if he was, she was a black angel. For she had intense witless. Gary was a deep relationship that spanned many years. I first met her when I went to Montclair to do. I had read *The Member of the Wedding* that year and I considered her the world's greatest living writer. I wanted to meet her before I died, so I wrote to her and she arrived on the boat, this tall girl came down the gangplank wearing a baseball cap and slacks. She had a beautiful, unapologetic grin and there was an immediate attachment. I didn't remember addresses, but she was in French Street in Natchitoches, an old grey frame house with a wrap-up Veranda and some fabulous old records, like the Sam Cooke Watts and Louis Armstrong. A big waistcoat broke the downtown windows and a pregnant cat jumped in and laid down on Carson's bed. This was her last good year before her stroke, she did a good deal of the cooking, mostly mixed greens soup with chicken it had an innovation called 'Apple Carrots,' which was made of potatoes with olives and chicken stored in it. She was in love that summer and summer over something. Her husband, Bruce, had not yet committed suicide, but it was not him she was mourning over. She would go out and buy Jubilee Walker and so in a straight-back shirt at the foot of the steps and after my friend and I went to bed she'd sit up all night mourning over this summer in her head. I'd come down in the morning and the bottle would be empty. It was a crisp hot creole summer. We read *Heart Crane* poems aloud to each other from a book I stole from the St. Louis public library, and we had a portrait of Laurette Taylor, who had just died, with a funeral wreath around it, and the fireplace was always filled with beautiful bougainvilleas, and we sat at opposite ends of a long table while I made dinner and Stella and the woad *The Member of the Wedding* was a play Carson in the only person I've ever been able to stand in the same room with when I'm working. After her stroke, she was incapacitated, but my sister Rose was in a sanatorium near her house in Nyack and I would often stay with Carson when I went to see her. She had a room upstairs called 'Tromen's Room' which was always prepared for my visits. My fondest dream was to own a piece in Texas and have my sister Rose as godfather and Carson, and we would all live together, all of us together."

Williams saw a lot of McKelvey in her last years. He sent her money, refused to sign any her stories. "After house, you just have been a lot of pre-dominance breakdown?" and transferred to her large house of her office. McKelvey for her sister Rose. He later sent many of her characteristic to the beds for the female lead in *Night of the*



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**MATTINGLY  
& MOORE**

that they were contemplating taking Holy Orders. Union Jails were for Conservatives; rallies on Empire Day, or to denigrate the table at Conservative dinner meetings, and for us. When the National Anthem was played, we stood up as a matter of form, but in a laudable lack of war, with a deprecatory expression on our faces, indicating that the same and the emotional had nothing to do with us, but belonged to the world of bearded King George V and smugged Queen Mary, of pensions and judges and peers, of Lloyd George with his white locks foolishly flapping in the wind, and Lord Kitchener with his pointing finger, of adventure and poverty and our sorrows in their glowing regalia. My father realized that the flag on our porch was something that signified an explosion, and so went on to deliver what amounted to a little formal eulogy for it, with an eye cast, especially, in my direction.

In the first place, he said, he felt immeasurable relief at the ending of the war's senseless slaughter and destruction, and at the survival of my two older brothers. Then, he looked forward to a new and better world. If he did not actually say one fit for heroes to live in, he might well have. We like to think that we are doing the finalizing preparations of the past. But actually the same false money jingles in every pocket. Furthermore, he went on, however diseases had been the primary causes of the war, and however monstrously outrageous its conduct, it had, willy-nilly, turned into a war to end war. There must, there could never be another occasion would not stand for it. Already the phrase League of Nations had entered into my father's vocabulary, and thence into mine, through the President, and President. Woodrow Wilson who propounded them, belonged to our kingdom of light. The large dimensions of this President's professor were, in us, hidden words, and he a knight in shining armor who could be relied on in champion righteousness. I actually saw the President in the newspaper at one of my Saturday-afternoon cinema matinees. He moved across the screen from his residence to the Palace of Versailles with the grand step and in the silver rain of early morning, tall black hat jauntily tilted, speeches thriving, banners waving and of short-temper, but no second coming. I suppose I had expected something quite different: someone Garibaldi-like, Byronic, with dancing eyes and flaming hair, rather than that underachieving professional figure who might easily have been a Rectorate of the Church of Scotland, or even one of my underachieving father's men. At that moment of history he was the center of all attention, the focus of the hopes of millions of people. It was reported that Eastern European peasants ran to wooden models of him before which they lit candles and prostrated themselves. If so, I hope very much that one or two emperors' venoms, he be discovered by future anthropologists, if there are any. Their observations on the cult certainly would be interesting.

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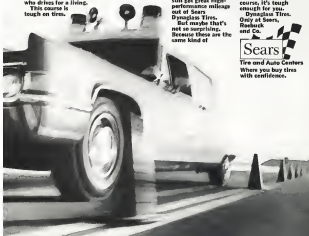
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page for Sam Perone.

Bill and Perone spent the rest of the evening asleep, being woken by other men and listening to each hour's news broadcast. There were no references to the shooting. On the following day, Sunday, when there was still nothing in the press, Bill began to wonder. It was as if the explicit exposure on Friday night had been easily a coincidence, a grain-of-gustator movie considered in his own worst. He could not understand how the newspapers, which had been so aggressive in recent years in their coverage of the Mafia, devoting substantial space to the most infernal and lurid and confounding rumors about underworld domination, publishing such portions of alleged confessions in restaurants or attending weddings, printing complete transcripts of taped telephone talks between reputed boss dominos the weather, he could not understand how the press could miss that story, which was one of the few headlines regarded as news in several years—two rival dominos had indeed woke up a Brooklyn neighborhood with bullets flying to every direction, and out saw two rights later, not a few had been published about it in any newspaper nor a word heard about it on any radio station in New York, the communication capital of the nation.

The only confusion that Bill could come to was that on weekends the media was very lax. Or that newsmen were totally dependent on government

spokesmen for news leads, and that these spokesmen had taken the weekend off. Or—and the possibility bothered Bill—it might be that the police were deliberately keeping everything quiet until Dr. Grapio's next could get another shot at him. An improbable, as it seemed to him at first, Bill wondered whether Dr. Grapio or someone higher up could have bought off a dark suspect in the precinct house that cornered Truettman Street, sneaking away from the police. And yet Bill himself had heard the scene on Friday night, knew that the police had arrived promptly, and he assumed that there must have also been witnesses in the neighborhood who might have called a newspaper or radio station during the weekend. Bill was surprised.

When Monday morning came and went with nothing reported, Bill decided to look the news to the press himself. It was to his own advantage to do this. He wanted word of Dr. Grapio's blunder to be known to every dog in the nation, and he also wanted to force the police to stop playing games and to protect the streets and inhibit Dr. Grapio's grip from arranging another ambush.

Bill had become acquainted with several New York newspapers during his many court appearances since 1954, individuals who had often tried to interview him about his father. One of the more prominent among them had worked for The New York Times, and

it was this man that Bill contacted, and who in turn provided the information to The Times' metropolitan edition. On the following day, Tuesday, February 1st, as The Times had contained only part of Bill Romano's story with the police in Brooklyn, an article was published under the headline: *Gun Fight Leaves Police Puzzled*. It began:

"A gun shot up a Brooklyn street Friday night, leaving behind seven guns of various kinds, bullets embedded in buildings, and a mystery that had police still puzzled yesterday after questioning more than 300 persons in the neighborhood."

"Although residents of Truettman Street, between Knickerbocker Avenue and Irving Avenue, heard more than 20 shots around 11 p.m., detectives and witnesses who rushed to the scene from the White Avenue station house, six blocks away, found no victim and not a single Mookman. Nor has any suspect appeared."

The article went on to say that the police dismissed rumors that the shot up was a storm from Mafia headquarters. The police felt the incident did not have the look of organized activity. The situation, given, in particular, suggested that someone were involved. Bill was amazed on reading this in The Times, and he was also interested in the fact that none of the residents in the neighborhood would admit to the police that they had heard guns blowing in the street. Some said that they had

been sleeping. Others, like Joseph Tarento, who identified himself as a downtown worker, said he thought that the noise was from demolition. Another resident of Truettman Street, John Bonomo, a handyman, was quoted in The Times as explaining: "We go to bed early on the street. We're working people who have to get up early."

The only person among the more than one hundred interviewed who would admit to an unusual occurrence on Truettman Street was Mrs. Joseph Cipponetti. It was she who had telephoned the police on Friday night, saying that a man had just broken her door and had run through her living room, and kitchen and out into the backyard, smashing the glass of a screen door. When the first of five carloads of police had arrived, they found two revolvers in Mrs. Cipponetti's hallway and another gun at the kitchen door. Mrs. Cipponetti could not describe the interloper because her room was dark, of the new from her bed was a blurred figure of a man seeing wildly through her apartment.

The article in The Times quickly led to several follow-up stories in all the newspapers and networks, and that put pressure on the police to maintain the mystery and to supply more information to the press, to the public, and of course to Romano's men. Within a few days it was fairly well established by the newspapers that Bill Romano had been the primary target, and that Dr. Grapio's men were involved, although he

police preferred to hedge a bit because the weapons they had found had not been registered in the New York area nor had they been listed in F.B.I. files as stolen.

Soon the District Attorney in Brooklyn began a wide investigation of the case, and among those sought for questioning was General Dr. Grapio. When the police arrived at Dr. Grapio's home in West Babylon, his relatives insisted that he was not there. The police waited, however, and within an hour an ambulance had arrived with a doctor, and then Dr. Grapio was wheeled out of the house on a stretcher. He was said to be suffering from a heart attack. The police arrived back with a subpoena.

The police also visited the Romano residence, but Bill, after recovering the next morning before dawn, had disappeared. Having taken the best of himself by taking the news of the case beside to The Times, he decided to remain and he could learn more about the fate of his adversary, General Dr. Grapio.

Within a few weeks Bill had heard that the commission was about to be called by the Truettman Street fall-out and the unwelcome publicity that had followed, and the next thing that Bill had heard was that Dr. Grapio was stepping down as the leader of the shadowed faction, and was being replaced by Paul Rosano.

During the Winter and Spring of

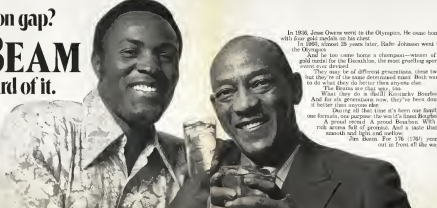
1956, as dozens of relevant witnesses appeared before a Brooklyn grand jury to answer questions about the shooting, Joseph Romano was reported to be living in Omaha, the Midwestern birthplace of his wife and a traditional Mafia shore for Italian fugitives. There had for many generations been a large Italian colony in Omaha, a city very accessible across the sea, and across in Palermo were quoted in The New York Times as saying that the elder Romano was residing in Italy, Africa under the name of the Sicilian Mafia. One of his visitors there was identified as Frank Grapio, an elderly dark-skinned-looking man from California who had also been an officer in the Russian organization in the United States. Grapio had left the United States on a visit to Berlin before the American exposure of 1952, and had dropped to remain there.

Before the agents could verify that Romano was really in Paris, there were other reports claiming that he was elsewhere. During the year various newspaper accounts had placed him in London, Moscow, Italy, and other countries. On May 11th, a United States Government spokesman said in The New York Times that Romano was definitely hiding in Europe, although declining to specify where.

A week later, on Tuesday morning, May 15th, as Bill Romano was driving across the Williamsburg Bridge over Manhattan planning to meet one of

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you have been convicted of a crime?" His answer was, "No." This was the basis for a rather complicated preliminary proceeding as to where the proceedings were terminated by a witness at the action against him, and he was allowed to leave Canada just as any other person could. He was not deported nor was there an order of voluntary deportation against him. He was allowed to go to the airport, purchase his own ticket, and fly to Chicago.

"On his landing in Chicago he was served with a subpoena to appear before a grand jury sitting in this District. He did appear here in response to that subpoena. As far as his testimony is concerned—"

"He did not respond as directed, did he?" asked Judge Frankel.

"Well, your Honor," said Kruger, "that is one of the issues which will be litigated in the prosecution of this obstruction-of-justice indictment. The jury immediately is posed as to whether or he was under a duty to appear. The grand jury is faced at which he had appeared in Arizona had expired and the grand jury was renewed. He was requested to appear before a grand, speaking-of grand jury. Query as to whether the government was perhaps remiss in not re-depositing him. But that is one of the legal issues which would be at the heart of a defense to this indictment."

"Now, as far as his occupation is concerned, your Honor, it is almost difficult for the government to argue that he has no legitimate source of income. The government leveled grand jury property in December of 1964 in some astronomical figure. Those items were promptly removed after application was made by counsel representing him in two matters, because he has reportedly had income and detailed income-tax returns ever since, many, many years. The most palatable answer is that he is a doctor. Because the Bureau has failed to reveal any discrepancy even for a civil life."

"He has very substantial real-estate holdings in his own name as well as with his wife in Arizona. His wife has interests in a very successful theme company, the Bulls Chase Company. He is a man of considerable money. He is a man of legitimate income, which has been proved time and time again at least to the satisfaction of the Internal Revenue Service. Now, your Honor, as far as had being requested on the case of 1966,900 is concerned, that is almost a request for his bail. It is a complete disregard of one of the basic considerations which a court must face when fixing bail. Certainly the fact that the defendant has surrounded him to the court is an indication that he has retained or procured himself before the court to face whatever charges the United States Attorney chooses to bring against him."

Judge Frankel interrupted, asking, "Mr. Maloney was his lawyer at the time of the press conference to which the United States Attorney referred?"

"As there was a public representation

a year and a half ago that he would turn up in court."

"Well, unfortunately, your Honor, I think that the commentators surrounding this case unfortunately mistaken between Mr. Maloney and the press and also between Mr. Maloney and Mr. McGonigle came about, as I understand it, through misinterpretation," Kruger said. "There is testimony before a grand jury which was adduced from the person who called Mr. Maloney. That was the son of the defendant Joseph Benjamin Sabatone. He testified, I am informed, that he had received a phone call as a certain phone booth, and the voice was not that of his father, but the voice said, 'Your father is all right,' or words to that effect. Behaviors contacted Mr. Maloney and advised him of this."

"Let me ask you," the judge said in reply, "is there some question of privilege or other evidential problem that makes it difficult for you to enlighten me about this year and a half of absence in the line of the person in question, because this is highly relevant on the question of bail and ensuring the appearance of the prosecution, if there was a notorious fugitive that he was expected, on my good or otherwise, to come here, and that he however then representing him mentioned that he would come here. If there is any question in the court's mind, what happened? Why didn't he come?"

"I appreciate that, your Honor," Kruger said. "And I am glad that you are right to the heart of it. There are many questions which you pose in answer to which I would have to involve the privilege."

"You mean your pleasure in the question is mitigated by your inability to give me useful answers."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I understand that," Judge Frankel said, "but it seems to me that the government makes out a rather cogent case for the view that you does not have said anything that this problem appears when he is expected in court."

"Why would he be here today, your Honor?" Kruger replied. "He walked into this courtroom at ten thirty-five, and he sat there smiling and waving and smiling, until finally the courthouse started an arrest warrant at about twenty minutes to twelve. Why would he be here if he intended to abscond? He certainly would need no permission to abscond."

"I don't understand that, Mr. Kruger," said the judge. "If we expect him back next month and he comes voluntarily in 1969, that won't be satisfactory."

"No, that would not be satisfactory, your Honor," Kruger agreed. "That is why I cannot argue that a bail should be set. I am not asking for his parole. I think that the court does need some assurance in a realistic figure as to his future appearance before the court, but he must be realistic, and bail would be reluctant to assure the government and the court of the return of the defendant, but not to reimburse that it amounts to a request for no bail."

"Are you saying that he can't make



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Ergonomics, September 2004; 47(9): 1054

# Forest fires burn more than trees.



Photo by contributor to the author pool

wallet, he taken away of you and with a worried air, business away.

Literary failures, book journalists, special correspondents of foreign newspapers divided him with average velocity. Such books are excited by delinquents tearing a cat, such a spark given in the eyes of a no longer young, actually quickly follow telling a particularly dirty story. Moreover, it was behind his back that they perched, but they did so with the utmost nonchance, disapproving the superb simplicity of every form of life. Being, however, as dead to the world as a grove in courtship, he probably did not catch one word of all this. He blossomed, he walked for some with a new, somewhat sterner, he started writing to his son in Rome with an infectious German translation of most of the words. At the office one knew already that Lit. Tai was not only an excellent person but also a Schriftsteller, and some of his business friends could have sworn to him as those he sought out. To him, entering a certain vague sphere, there began to look in, through fresh hall or book door, the steady necessity of cooperation. Public figures addressed him with respect. The first could not be denied—Lita Romanov was indeed surrounded by respect and fame. Not a single party in a cultured Russian milieu passed without his name being mentioned. More it was mentioned, with vivid kind of wonder, hardly realizing the thing, not the way, is important, says true wisdom.

At the end of the month Lita Romanov had to leave town in a tedious business trip and so he missed the advertisements in Russian-language newspapers regarding the coming publication of *Arise*. When he returned to Berlin, a large colored package awaited him on the hallway table. Without taking his imposed off, he instantaneously undid the parcel. Pink, purple, and cream. And, on the covers, *Arise*, in purple and letters. Six copies.

Lita Romanov attempted to open one; the book cracked, delicately but refused to unfold. Read, nowhere! He tried again, and caught a glimpse of alien, white vermin. He among the mass of several pages from right to left

People in Trouble  
Need Your  
**UNITED GIFT**

If you don't do it,  
It won't get done

# Anyone willing to put up with this deserves some kind of reward.



We know

Because our tobacco has been burning holes in pipe smokers' clothes for more than 30 years.

And over the years we've always gone to as much trouble making our tobacco as you will smoking it.

Take our Kentucky Club Mixture for example.

Each pouch contains no less than 38 separate aroma and flavor ingredients.

Among them the best Turkish, Perique and White Burleys money can buy.

We cut Kentucky Club Mixture four different ways: ribbon, cube, flake and slug. It's harder than cutting it only one or two ways. But it's worth it if you're after a cool, even-burning smoke.

And now, in recognition of the labor you put into smoking a pipe, we're offering you the fruit of ours. Free.

Just send us the coupon along with an empty pouch of any competitive pipe tobacco. This small effort will be rewarded

with a full pouch of Kentucky Club Mixture.

Of course your pockets will still bulge.

And with the tools you carry, you'll

continue to rattle when

you walk.

Such are the penalties of pleasure



Send  
Box 6665  
Winning, W Va. 26003

Send me a full pouch of Kentucky Club Mixture. I've enclosed an empty package of a competitive brand in exchange.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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Offer expires 12/31/77









Now! You are Harry S. Truman, and you have a couple of problems: you'd surely like to destroy Douglas MacArthur, because you're the publisher of the *Generalissimo*, in the midst of a budding rift, and, demanding that the war be expanded into China; you must crush out all communists, never heard of who, in the entertainment section of the same paper, is striking your daughter Garen the first son to do so; and, finally, it is war, which then do you deal with first? MacArthur, it's before breakfast, and your best friend has just died.

Harry S. Truman did not watch a gun and not of White House newspaper and address the following to Mr. Hano:

"I have just read your latest review in the back pages. You sound like a frustrated old man who never made a mistake, an eight-year-old on a four-year job, and all four idiot working."

"I never said you but if I do you'll need a new nose and plenty of beefsteak and perhaps a supporter below Washington. Right? Well, it is a politician engaged to you. You can take that as much of an insult then as a rebuff on your ancestry."

And then the *Generalissimo* took his breakfast privilege—the note, after all, was personal—Mr. Truman asked his own state: "We still had the three-outside of my Academy Award, but we had no morning walk, and dropped the service in the nearest audience. Mr. Truman's repeated words have been quoted in full here in the *Generalissimo* interview where the former President says what he really did. Mr. Hano was "I don't know but after the second breakfast and the news positive his father wouldn't use language like that. Reply me."

With the United Nations being reeled and marred at its lowest, the replacement of General MacArthur was out of the question, and by mid-June, having lost both to Yonkers and Seoul, the General was negotiating the withdrawal of nearly a hundred miles south of the 38th parallel. The strategy in Washington was straightforward: a push of regaining the original position along the 38th, pushing them, and the possibility of a ceasefire, of course, free and over? Korean settlement. After two months of brutal winter warfare, though the lines along the 38th were regained, MacArthur was told to stop, negotiating a truce during the first week in March that he ordered not to go north and was sick of fighting. "An armistice?" yes. And on March 10, the General proposed an American 7th Fleet blockade of the China coast, an embargo of Chinese cultural centers, and the use of Chiang Kai-shek's forces in Korea, along with the invasion by the Nationalists of South China.

Just beginning his initial push to send a message to President Truman was stopped. "In the first place, of course," Mr. Truman said, "he was wrong. I strongly felt the Soviets were the real aggressors, and they'd be the

only winners if we got bogged down in what Bradley called 'the wrong war, at the wrong place, at the wrong time, and with the wrong strategy.' If MacArthur's advice had been taken, we would have been openly at war with Red China, then probably with Russia, and World War Three would have been on."

Somehow convincing Mr. Harry, President Truman had the Joint Chiefs inform MacArthur on March 10th of a statement, soon to be released, that the United Nations was preparing to discuss resolutions of a Korean settlement. Four days later, ignoring the Washington directive, the General issued his own offer to meet with the enemy and discuss settlement, his alternative being a threat to destroy China militarily. Almost as an afterthought MacArthur thought it a splendid idea of Korea could be surrendered to him personally.

Ten years after these events we sat in the dining room of The Carlyle, and Mr. Truman was silent for a moment. There was the murmur of husband conversation from other tables, the first clink of dinnerware, all very genteel. Newsletters to the room stood at the former President, reluctantly asserting his office was at risk. I wondered what my son Jonathan was thinking as he listened to Mr. Truman, that first old man, whether there was any way a thirteen-year-old boy could identify with him. Surely, I could not, neither as participant nor observer. He'd been places as other men had been, suffering resistance that no other man had been forced to carry, shuffling triangle and indignant anger to him, and some others. He had been the President of the United States.

"I waited two weeks," Mr. Truman said, and only he knows how he'd controlled himself. "Then I told MacArthur to write his letter to [Thomas M. Moore, London] Joe Martin, which Martin read to the House, where MacArthur agreed the use of Nationalist troops and ended with, 'There is no substitute for victory.'"

Yes, in there are substitutes for the Commander-in-Chief.

"I called everybody together," Mr. Truman went on, "and I said to them, 'The going to fire that one-of-a-kind MacArthur right now.' Everyone agreed except George Marshall who said if MacArthur was allowed now it would keep troops inside in Korea, and we'd also have himself wanted to run here for President through Congress."

"I said to him, 'George, you go back to the Pentagon, and you tell the JCS, if the command goes to the JCS, I'll be the president of the United States for the next two years. Then, he is my office at that moment, and if you tell me at that point not to fire him, I won't.'"

It was then that he might be having some kind of attack, I looked at him as he gaped again. But he wasn't sick. Harry Truman, seventy-seven years old, was thinking of that appeal for Calley...

plus hearing Marshall's name that Mr. Truman often said and moved Europe, and in his book *Mr. Gifford*, published in 1955, he wrote of General Marshall's role in World War II, "[he] was the 'brave'... the man who really made the military expansion work, both in the Atlantic and the Pacific. In the same brief discussion of war leaders, Mr. Truman also cites Bradley and Eisenhower, Admiral Nimitz and King. It is no mention of MacArthur."

"The next morning I got to my office after my walk at about eight-thirty," said Mr. Truman, "and George Marshall was already there in the white office, waiting for me. That was very strange, because George was a Japa who was usually late for meetings. He got to his desk and he said to me, 'I spent most of the night on that [to Mr. President, you should have fired the son-of-a-bitch two years ago].'"

No, he hadn't been talking out of it this time. "The question was, how to do it? We wanted MacArthur to get the word before the newspapers. Frank Pace, the Secretary of the Army, was in Korea, and it was worked out he'd be the one to see MacArthur, but they spent all day trying to find him and their cops when he'd look at them, he was forbidden as he found himself looked in the company of that time in history when he knew the power of his office was at risk. I wondered what my son Jonathan was thinking as he listened to Mr. Truman, that first old man, whether there was any way a thirteen-year-old boy could identify with him. Surely, I could not, neither as participant nor observer. He'd been places as other men had been, suffering resistance that no other man had been forced to carry, shuffling triangle and indignant anger to him, and some others. He had been the President of the United States.

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**No ordinary instrument for them. They're into Spanish music now. And only a 12 string guitar will do. Their cigarette? Viceroy. They won't settle for less. It's a matter of taste.**

**Viceroy gives you all the taste...all the time.**

1 mg. "tar," 12 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Nov. 70.

# Cutty Sark vs. Thermopylae.

## The most famous clipper race of all time

In the early 1870's, the clipper *Thermopylae* held "the blue ribband," symbol of victory in the incredible tea races that pitted great ships against each other and half the world's oceans. But then came *Cutty Sark*, built solely to beat *Thermopylae*. And in 1872, the two ships met for the first and only time.

On June 17th they cast off from Shanghai together, bound for London. Immediately they were separated by gales. *Cutty* forged far ahead. And then on August 25, a huge sea tore *Cutty's* rudder away. In 6 days of storms, the crew fashioned and fitted a jury rudder. And when it snapped, they made a second rig, this time in only 24 hours. With her speed severely cut by the weak rudder, *Cutty* limped home, docked after *Thermopylae*—yet won the race!

A special maritime board was convened which inspected the logs of both vessels and decided that, based on actual time under sail in equal conditions, *Cutty Sark* had made the faster passage. From that time on, *Cutty* was never beaten in equal competition. Small wonder that, years later, a reporter was to write of the finish of yet another clipper race, "*Cutty Sark* first... the rest, nowhere."

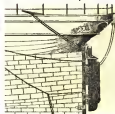


Courtesy private collection of Lt. Col. James M. Humphreys, M.C.



Capt. Moodie,  
*Cutty's* commander  
in her most famous race.

*Cutty's* jury rudder,  
seen in drydock.



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**Cutty Sark...the only one of its kind.**